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Choice Poetry.

THE OULS OF THE CHILDREN.

"Who bids for the little children—
Body and soul and brain;
Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
Will no one bid," said England,
"For their souls so pure and white,
And fit for all good or evil,
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famine,
"We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
Their bright young eyes shall dim.
When children grow too many
We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,
"I'll buy them, one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
To lie, to skulk, to crawl;
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
Said Crime, with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children
Through the pleasant paths of sin.
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
They shall plague the broad highway,
'Till they grow too old for pity,
And ripe for the law to slay.

Prison and hulk and gallows
Are many in the land;
'Twere folly not to use them,
So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children,
I'll take them as they're born,
And I'll feed their evil passions
With misery and scorn.

Give me the little children,
Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round
While ye shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
And your lawyers wag the tongue;
And the gaolers and policemen
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,
"Oh, shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little children,
I'll take them all to me.
I'll raise them up with kindness
From the mire in which they've trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
I'll lead them up to God."

"You're not the true religion,"
Said a Sect with flashing eyes;
"Nor thou," said another scowling—
"Thou'rt heresy and lies."
"You shall not have the children,"
Said a third, with shout and yell;
"You're Anti-Christ and bigot—
You'd train them up for hell."

And England, sorely puzzled
To see such battle strong,
Exclaimed, with voice of pity—
"Oh, friends! you do me wrong!
Oh cease your bitter wrangling,
For till you all agree,
I fear the little children
Will plague both you and me."

But all refused to listen;
Quoth they: "We bide our time;"
And the bidders seized the children—
Beggary, Filth, and Crime:
And the prisons teemed with victims,
And the gallows rocked on high,
And the thick abomination
Spread reeking to the sky.

Illustrated London News.

Pictures of Life.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

M CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

t was in the Christmas vacation of the year —, that I started from Colombo on a journey xplore one of the wilder and least known ricts of the island of Ceylon. The Veddah ntry—which is the name of that forbidding t of jungle, rocks, and swamps—is situated the west coast of the island, and stretches n the Bintenne hills in the interior to the -marshes of Batticaloa on the sea-shore. I often heard strange and contradictory re ts concerning the inhabitants of this district, determined to satisfy myself as to their foun ion. I knew there were missionaries and tch families scattered about the skirts of that *a incognita*, and from them no Englishman d fear meeting a cold reception.

Having despatched my pony a day's journey advance, I left Batticaloa on the 23rd of December by the ordinary, I may say the very or ary, conveyance of the country—a bullock-ackery. It was a dreadful vehicle that hack ery! A huckster's flat, with an umbrella over it, would have been a state-coach by its side. The springs had not the ghost of a spring about them: they might as well have been built of lid masonry. And the huge palm-leaf hood kept staggering from side to side, as though it was looking after the wheels, just to see how the lynch-pins were getting on—the said linchpins, by-the-bye, being mere pieces of rotten ck.

As for the scenery I passed through, it re nded me of the sailor's story of the ship's provisions: a boiled piece of pork and a roast ece of pork, pig's head and pork sausages, d then another piece of pork; for it was a lt-marsh and stunted jungle and a hut, and en another salt-marsh, some more stunted ngle, and another hut. The day was fearfully t, the sky seemed to be of burnished copper, d the air so close and stifling, that when the eeze did come it seemed all the hotter, as ough it were the breath of some glowing furnace. I closed my eyes to shut out the glare and the salt marshes, and tried to think of friends at home, of frosty skies, of hard crisp ground, and warm firesides and warmer hearts, and green holly and the dear, merry old mistletoe.

The next day, I was happy to find myself on different ground, seated on my own little pony, and out of sight of those horrid salt swamps. I was travelling upwards, too, and the air came down from the high lands beyond quite cool and bracing. The earth became more fertile, and groves of palms and plantains and bread-fruit trees at intervals, lent their friendly shade to travellers. With almost every mile of my journey, the country wore a more varied aspect. It was wilder and stranger than any I had previously seen, and I had travelled a good deal, too. Steep crags; beetling, surly-looking rocks; clumps of dark, frowning forests; deep dells, so cold and ugly that I felt no desire to peep down them—made up the picture; while on every side was a profusion of round massive boulders of granitic quartz rock, scattered thickly about, as if ages ago a numerous party of juvenile giants had been playing at marbles, and had gone away in a hurry, leaving their toys behind them.

At high noon I pulled up under the shade of a wide-spreading ebony tree, and was in the act of dismounting, when I was greeted by a little dapper man, in a brown threadbare coat, leech-gaiters, and a straw hat. He was quietly seated on one of the moss-covered stones, with his buffalo skin wallet beside him. I knew him well by sight; he was Daniel, the missionary. Everybody knew Daniel, the apostle of Ceylon; everybody, from the Governor down to the wild men of the woods. I was indeed rejoiced to meet him, for I could not have found any one better able to assist me in the main object of my journey.

As we sat eating our cakes and plantains on the mossy ground, I gathered that his journey lay in my direction. He told me, moreover, that what I had heard concerning the Veddahs, was substantially correct—they were truly a race of wild men. Their ancestors were originally sole masters of Ceylon; but upon its conquest by Ramen and his Malabar followers, they retired to the inmost recesses of the jungle, just as our Saxon ancestors on a like emergency withdrew among the Welsh mountains. In that wild, inaccessible region, this people of voluntary outcasts have since dwelt, not in human habitations, for they scorn any such, but in hollow trees and stony caverns, like the birds and beasts of the woods. Their food is chiefly wild roots and herbs, with a little grain, and sometimes the flesh of a deer or jackal, which they kill with their only weapons, the bow and arrow. Misery and disease have thinned their numbers, yet they still count some hundreds of their tribe. They own no authority, pay no taxes, and, until quite recently, had resisted all attempts made to induce them to enter a village, or to change their mode of living.—Within the last few years, however, one enthusiastic Dutch family, located in their immediate vicinity, had succeeded in collecting about them a dozen or two of this savage tribe, and entirely changing their habits. Daniel had converted most of these, and had even become familiar, in his many journeys, with their still uncivilized fellows.

I gladly accepted his offer to show me some of the Rock Veddahs, as they are called; and with this view, we journeyed on for a good hour, when the road became more rugged and difficult than before. Here my pony was sent on in another direction, by my native groom, under orders from Daniel, and we passed on our way through the most desolate, gloomy-looking country I ever remember to have seen. The damp, dreary solitudes looked as though they had been untrodden by human foot; I could fancy Siberia or Norfolk Island to be quite cheerful places after this.

Clambering over rocks and gnarled trunks of trees, we halted at length in a sort of stony amphitheatre; my companion gave a long, shrill whistle, which was taken up, as I first thought, by mere echoes, but they were human echoes, and sounded nearer and nearer, until the whistlers made their appearance. In a few minutes, to my astonishment, and indeed I may add, to my terror, the trees and rocks and nooks of that wild spot swarmed with what seemed a species of man-monkey. They were the Rock Veddahs—absolute monkeys without tails. Dwarfy, misshapen, with long arms, grizzly heads, and thick lips,—they, in fact, seemed like no other living things than apes.

They were rather disconcerted at my presence, and kept at a very respectful distance, which, by-the-bye, I decidedly preferred. The strange creatures kept swinging themselves to and fro on the thick branches, or peeping and winking and grinning at me, from behind ugly pieces of rock, as though they rather wished me to believe they really were monkeys. Daniel conversed with one or two of the oldest of them, in a language that might have been Otaheitean, or Chinese, or monkey dialect; but he did not succeed in persuading any of them to descend from their rookeries; and we at length took our departure, the Veddahs scampering away amongst the trees and stones and crevices, like an army of magnified rats, making the wild solitudes echo again with the creaking of bamboos and their own creaking gibberish.

Leaving these savages to the enjoyment of their own society we turned in another direction, and made our way out of the wildest part of that tract. After tracking our way slowly through some miles of rough ground, more or less covered by jungle or boulders, we found ourselves upon a better path, with the country opening upon prairie ground, somewhat uneven and broken up, but still green and cheerful. Before us rose, at some distance, the high mountain forests of Bintenne, while far away towards the horizon stretched many a league of broken plain, low jungle, and lofty rock.

The day was now far spent. The sun was sinking over the distant forest-clad ranges, and the scenery began to take that softened hue of golden pink so peculiar to lands within the tropics, when, as we turned suddenly round the shoulder of a huge rock, a scene burst upon my view, which, for the moment, rivetted me to the spot. "This place," said Daniel, who observed my astonishment, "is called, and truly so, the Happy Valley. Here may be seen the rose blossoming in the wilderness. One simple-minded, single-hearted couple have raised up this garden in the desert."

It was, indeed, a garden; and, contrasted with all the uncouth desolation we had just passed through, it seemed an absolute fairyland. Surely, I thought, some legion of busy angels must have scooped out this valley from the rough mountain-side, and made it what it is. From the summits of the surrounding hills, down to the rippling silvery stream that meandered through the heart of the valley, all was green and fresh. In the midst, at some distance below us, was the chief homestead of this little colony—a good-sized, leaf-thatched, white-washed cottage, with jessamine porch, and such a delicious-looking garden, full of pleasant, shady walks, and grass-plots, and noble trees! At different distances, were other two smaller cottages; while around, on every side, arose topes of tender palms, half-grown, with broad clumps of sweet plantains and tufts of yellow bamboo, studding about the fields so prettily, like daisies on a grass-plot. Not a single foot of all that bright-looking valley was barren, every inch was made to yield its share of food for man or beast; even the steepest hillsides were terraced out in little narrow slips, where tall and waving rice told of the industry of man.

I could have remained there, gazing on that sweet corner of the earth, until dark, but my companion, pointing to the setting sun, bade me follow him. A pleasant little winding path led us through quiet dells and patches of grass-land, on which sleek buffalo and well-kept bullocks were grazing; and in a quarter of an hour we found ourselves skirting the garden of the homestead. I could hear some merry voice within—a right merry honest voice, too. The hardest-hearted jury in the world would have instantly acquitted any prisoner with such a laugh as I heard echoing amongst the tamarinds and mangoes in that sweet green spot. We stole along, the missionary leading the way; and winding among some thickest shrubs, and round a corner in the garden, we came full upon the owner of the happy laugh.

A wide smooth lawn was spread out before us, shaded by lofty trees, loaded with love-apples, tamarinds, and mangoes; and on the green-sward was a collection of children, of all ages, sizes, and colors, from the rosy-faced little Dutch infant, to the swarthy child of the forest. In the midst of them, and in the very act of rolling head over heels, was a great burly figure, as round and as glowing in the face as any red-leather cricket-ball.

The rubicund ball was on its feet in something less than a moment. I was at once introduced to Jacob Post—that was his name—and he was so delighted to see us both, and gave me such a terrific squeeze of the hand, that I felt it up my arm, and down my back, and completely into my shoes. The children were dispersed in all directions; and we strolled over the beautiful wide lawn, under a magnificent banyan-tree, with its thousand downward-stretching branches, and then through a little rosery, and up to the flower-covered porch of the cottage.

A soft voice amongst the jessamine there, a pretty pair of little feet on the Jaffna mat, and, dear me, a couple of such radiant, lovable eyes! Could they belong to Mrs. Post? Yes, indeed; but I rejoiced to find that her Christian name was Winnifred: that relieved me, for it was a set-off against the Post. Well, Mrs.—no, Winnifred, was more delighted to see us, if that had been possible, than her husband. It was so kind of us to come out to them, and on Christmas-eve, too! Of course we would remain with them over the following day? I felt that if Winnifred had a sister in that Happy Valley, I could have remained a long while over the next day—in fact, that I could have lived and died there; but as she had no such relation, I contented myself with saying how much pleasure it would afford me to stay.

I was immediately at home with good Jacob and his pretty, quiet wife: I seemed to have known them both since my earliest childhood. There was not the least nonsense about them: still, I wished his name had not been Post. We all strolled out to the vegetable garden, and then into the farmyard. There was a real farm-yard, with live ducks and fowls and actual pigs, and a matter-of-fact donkey with four legs. Jacob and the two eldest children had so many wonderful things to show me, so many beautiful plants and extraordinary trees, that I felt quite giddy with turning round to look at them all. Then there were the Veddahs' cottages to show me; I must see them too. What! thought I, Veddahs in cottages! Ay, real Veddahs, all alive. And there they were, sure enough. Some were busy in the gardens, others were sitting at the doors, whilst a swarm of little children came scampering towards us from all sides; some of them had been amongst the rollicking party on the grass-plot. Jacob, I was told, had been the means of these poor creatures giving up their wild miserable life for their present happiness. He had been a dweller in the Happy Valley some seven years, and had collected around him about twenty families, chiefly about three years previously. Each cottage had its tract of rice-ground, its vegetable-garden, and its tope of palms and other fruit-bearing trees. Here and there was a patch of tobacco, or cotton, the produce of which they bartered for salt, dried fish, and other necessaries, at the neighboring villages.

It was quite delightful to see, as I saw on our return to the homestead, how smoothly and quietly all went on within that dwelling. Everybody seemed to be so busy preparing supper. The children ran about with earthen chatties of milk, and baskets of fruit quite as large as themselves. Jacob, with his radiant Dutch clock of a face, moved the table and couches into the front veranda, that we might have more of the cool evening breeze, and catch a glimpse of the pure, bright moonlight; while Winnifred tripped about so busily, and yet so softly, fearful of disturbing the little baby asleep on the mat in the corner—bless her gentle heart—as though that fairy footstep could have aroused a mosquito from its evening slumbers!

In the wide veranda, twined round by many flowers, we sat down to a supper of fruit, hoppers or cakes, and milk. The cool breeze from the mountain tops came to us loaded with the fragrance of roses, jessamine, and citron blossom. The lofty areca and cocoa-palms waved their long feathery arms in the bright moonbeams, and flung down upon the soft, green-sward their sparkling gifts of light. All around seemed at peace and happy; and I scarcely knew where could be seen the most perfect picture of calm, pure enjoyment—in the glorious radiant scene outside, or in the countenance of the happy family about me.

There was one sharer in our evening meal whom I had not before observed—an aged, white-haired native woman. She was quite blind; and by the care that was taken to place her near Jacob, a more than ordinary attachment would seem to have existed between them. I learned that Archie had been his nurse; and there was attached to her a little story so touching, that I will relate it, especially as it vindicates the Singalese character from the charge of cold-heartedness.

Jacob's father, when very young, had served in one of the Dutch regiments during the last years of the rule of Holland in the colony. In some engagement with the Kandyan troops, who were laying waste the Singalese village attached to the Europeans, he had been the means of saving Archie's life. The village-girl felt grateful to her young preserver, and followed him to quarters, which she refused to leave. Lieutenant Post was shortly after married to a countrywoman, but Archie still resolved to remain with the family, and was content to serve her friend as a menial. From that time she became a part of the household, and tended their only child, Jacob, with the affectionate care of a mother. Years afterwards, and when the island had changed masters, little Jacob was left an orphan, without any one who cared for him save the devoted nurse: she, however, sought out friends for him amongst the burgher families and English officials, and by their aid obtained the means of providing for him as well as giving him a fair education. They had, in fact, never been separated for a day, and were not likely to be so now.

It was from Jacob, too, that I learned how he had contrived to work such a revolution in that valley. I gathered the tale from him in his own simple way, in that cool, pleasant, veranda, when Winnifred and the children had retired for the night.

After finishing his education, Jacob had given his attention to agriculture, and spent some years with different landholders, mastering the details of rice-fields, tobacco-grounds, and cotton-gardens. Fortunately, when he was wishing to make a start in life for himself, some distant Dutch cousin died at Jaffna, and bequeathed to him sufficient to enable him to carry out his plans. And now another and larger idea took possession of his mind—a thought which haunted him in all his occupations, and weighed so strongly upon him, that he determined, in some way or other, to carry it into execution. This was the civilizing of the outcast Rock Veddahs—a strange scheme for one so simple, so solitary in the world as he was. But he felt, that to that poor race he might repay some of the debt he owed to the devoted village-girl: they were of one blood with her, and who more needed help than they!

He received some encouragement from the missionaries in the neighborhood, but from none else save old Archie. Not to be easily discouraged, he at length obtained a free grant of that valley, then a poor, barren spot, from a native chieftain, and quietly, but resolutely, planted himself and a few low-country Singalese on the spot. Unceasing toil, kindness to the roving Veddahs, and a happy, cheerful disposition, soon carried him over many difficulties; and before the end of the second year, not only had he obtained the labor of many of the wild people about him, but several had consented, with their families, to occupy the small cottages he had prepared for them.

But now Jacob began to find he had more upon his hands than he could well manage, and, besides, he stood in need of many things for his rising colony. He started off to Batticaloa, and there consulted some of his friends as to his plans for the future. Amongst others, he spoke to old Van Pleyden, the deputy-fiscal; but eloquently as he dwelt upon the subject of the Veddahs, and his valley of labor, the cautious Dutchman remained unmoved, and could not see what was to be done.

There was one in that family, however, who lent a willing, attentive ear to every word that fell from Jacob's honest, simple lips. Little gentle Winnifred, the fiscal's daughter, sympathised with the heroism of the speaker; and when after tea they walked in the quiet old garden, that was washed by the waves of the Indian Ocean, and were seated on the sea-beach, she asked him to tell her more about his valley, and his old nurse, and the poor Veddahs; and she listened to his tale until the tears dimmed her bright eyes.

What was he to do with all these multiplying cares upon him—with old Archie, so blind and so helpless? Winnifred asked him, in her own little, childlike way, if he had ever thought of taking a wife. A wife! No. It was a most capital idea: the very thing he wanted—and yet, strange to say, it was the very thing that had never entered his mind. He had been so busy about other people, that he had had no time to think of himself. But where was he to find a wife? Who would follow him, and leave burgher society for rice-fields and wild Veddahs, and poor simple Jacob? No, no; it was too good a thing to be realized. His large heart sighed, and he began to lift it up as a regular desperate and incurable case.

Winnifred suggested that there might, for all that, be some one found willing to follow him for the mere love of himself and his good honest heart. She was not sure, mind—she only thought so; and then she stammered and blushed, until Jacob, good soul! felt a new light bursting suddenly upon him, and he became for the time an inspired being, and said something to her about making that bleak place of his what it has been ever since, but what it never could have been without her—a Happy Valley. Jacob does not at all remember saying anything of the sort: in fact, he believes he was in a trance all the time; and when he feels very particularly hilarious, which is very often, he insists that Winnifred did all the talking, at which she of course is much shocked, and tries to look angry.

It was in vain that parents and relatives, and young burgher gentlemen, protested against the exile of pretty Winnifred. She became Mrs. Post while the family were quarrelling about it; and as Jacob very properly and forcibly remarked: "There they were!"

Early the next morning, the missionary left us to visit a neighboring village, promising to return to dinner. The day, I learned, was to be marked by a general assemblage of the colony at one table; and for this it was soon evident the most extensive preparations were going on. The verandas appeared to be boiling over with fruit and vegetables; heaps of red rice, and pyramids of curry-stuff and dried fish, abounded, as though there had been a heavy shower of those articles during the night, and the coolies had just swept them off the lawn to to be out of the way.

Was there to be a plum-pudding? I asked. No one had ever heard of such a dish. In a moment of devotedness to the general service, I volunteered to concoct one, much to the hilariousness of Jacob and the whole troop of children and servants. To prevent any faint-heartedness on my part, I was at once installed into office in the little earthen-floored kitchen at the rear of the cottage—a dark cellar of a place, with, in one corner, a number of bricks, grouped about in parties of three, with smoking sticks between them, looking as though a number of gipsies had been cooking their stolen meal there. This was the kitchen-range. The plum-pudding would be boiled over three of those melancholy bricks in an earthen chattie. I felt sick at the very idea of it, and instantly declined the responsibility of the boiling process.

Accoutred in one of little Winnifred's smartest little aprons, with pretty little strings to it, I seized a huge earthen chattie and a gigantic wooden ladle, without any very distinct ideas of how I was to commence operations. I had a faint glimmering recollection of having once seen my mother mix a Christmas pudding when I was clad in a tight nankeen suit, and I saw indistinct visions of suet and flour—I was positive about the flour—and rivers of milk, and basins of eggs, beaten up to a froth; and then the raisins—I remembered them most distinctly. But whether the flour, or the suet, or the milk, or the eggs, went in first, I had not the most remote idea.

I wanted all sorts of things. I believe I asked for pepper and mustard and vinegar in the excitement of the moment, much to the astonishment of the black crowd about me. Jacob, simple man! believed the vinegar was all right. I am sure some of the coolies, and the fat old cook, imagined I was making a very complicated set of Chinese fire-works. Why dear me, there was not such a thing as a raisin in the whole valley. A plum-pudding without plums! such a thing had never occurred to me. Fortunately, I found some fine dates; and having them stoned and cut small, they answered the purpose remarkably well: if any one doubts me, let him try, that's all.

The little kitchen was becoming so fearfully hot with the crowds of coolies and Veddahs, who flocked in to see the "Europe master make cookery," that there appeared every prospect of the pudding being parboiled before going into the pot. At a word from me, Jacob seized a handful of flour, and scattering it right and left in the eyes of the enemy, quickly cleared the ground. They fancied he was using some magical incantation, and did not venture near the spot until they heard the "Chinese fireworks" were safely tied up in a cloth.

An enormous load seemed off my mind as I tied the string. The thermometer stood at 96 degrees in the coolest part of that kitchen. My coat was on the floor, my sleeves were tucked up, yet I felt red-hot; the perspiration trickled down my face; my clothes seemed to be singed at the edges. But when pretty little Winnifred peeped over my shoulder, and said, in her own quiet, gentle way, how nicely I had done it, and how kind it was of me, I felt suddenly quite cool and comfortable.

I passed the remainder of the day in wandering about the valley with the children, gathering wild-flowers, and admiring the lovely scenery. On my return, I met the old missionary, and we found that the dinner hour was at hand. Some forty Veddahs, old and young, were assembled about the cottage; and giving Winnifred my arm, I led her towards the great banyan-tree on the lawn, where we were to dine. A novel and pleasing scene awaited me there. The myriad giant arms of the tree, reaching to the ground, had been made to support long rows of bamboos, that served for benches, on either side of a table composed of as rude materials. We, the privileged, had chairs. So thickly did that noble tree spread out its foliage above us, that not a single ray of sunshine found its way within; and as for space, we might have dined four times our number beneath its ample shade.

What a glorious dinner that was to be sure! Jacob asked me confidentially, if I thought there had ever been a dinner to equal it in England; and I said, I rather thought not. I am sure they felt so delighted to see the poor Veddahs seated round that well-filled table, as though they had all been members of the Dutch and English aristocracy. Such a profusion of red-hot curry, such catacombs of pillau, such deserts of rice, and forests of salt-fish, had not been known since that valley had been a valley. I thought some of the simple Veddahs would rather have dispensed with the knives and forks, and have fallen to with their fingers; but by grasping their spoons with both hands, they managed to force a good deal of hot rice into their mouths.

Nobody dared go for *the* pudding save Jacob; he would have annihilated any one who had attempted the task. As he strode along the ground with the huge dish reeking, steaming up before his jolly, glorious face, there seemed to be two puddings—one on the dish, and another on his shoulders. Everybody tasted that pudding, and everybody admired it. As for our host, it was his firm belief that kings and queens were fed upon such food as that.

When the dinner was over, and the dishes piled in a heap on the grass, old Daniel, after filling Winnifred's glass, rose, and in his quiet, simple, earnest tones, proposed a toast for us. He gave: "The good work, and God bless the workers." I repeated it, and little Winnifred echoed: "The good work, and God strengthen the workers." As for Jacob, he said nothing—his honest heart was too full, but he nodded to us, and as his gaze met that of Winnifred, the tears filled his eyes. He drank the toast silently; but I could see by his happy face, that he was enjoying three hearty inward cheers, three mental hip-hip-hurrahs all to himself at the other end of the table.

If the dinner passed off happily, not less so did the amusements after it. When the sun had sunk far behind the hills, and the air was cool and soft, and filled with sweetest perfumes, we proceeded to the ball-room—and such a ball-room! Upon another lawn, at one end of the dwelling, were three or four large clustering vines, trained for many yards over bamboos, and intertwined with the fruit-bearing grenadilla, the moon-flower, the passion-flower, and a dozen other gorgeous creeping-plants, forming together a roof of richest beauty, and lofty enough for a company of life guardsmen to have walked in with their caps on. From the sides of this natural assembly-room were hung festoons and garlands of flowers, leaves, and blossoms, twined into devices, and interwoven with colored cloth and ribbons as only natives of the East can fashion, whilst outside, at intervals, were fastened in the ground tall poles, bound round with flowers, and crowned by huge pumpkins and cocoa-nut shells, filled with oil, performing the duties of lanterns—and very fairy-like lanterns they looked too. This ball of flowers eclipsed the banyan-tree by millions of degrees: indeed, when I looked about me, I saw nothing but brilliant lights and gaudy flowers, and rich green leaves and sweet buds, and swarthy forms, and Winnifred's pretty sparkling eyes. I felt myself wafted away from earth to fairy bowers in mid-air, and began to think that, if a strong breeze were to blow, we might all come down by the run.

But where was the music? and who were to dance?—Only Winnifred and the missionary, and Jacob and myself? Oh, dear, no! There were the grown up Veddahs all ready, and in ball-room costume too. The dark ladies, with all the predilections of the sex, had found means, though simple ones, of adorning their swarthy forms. Some were content with twining the round white buds of the Indian Jessamine amongst their dark clustering hair; others added the blossoms of the sacred bo-tree, or the rich buds of the passion-flowers; whilst one tall aspiring beauty had encircled her brows with a coronet cut dexterously from the green shell of the shaddock. Others wore necklaces of small limes and lilliputian oranges, and the crimson fruit of the lovey-lovey, and long sashes of plantain and palm-leaves. A few of the men had garlands of areca-leaves and the pink show-flower, and altogether the party wore a most picturesque appearance as they ranged themselves in true dancing order, clad in their pure white robes.

There was a band too. The old missionary commenced an air upon an antiquated flute, and the cook and one of the housekeepers beat time of some sort upon tom-toms, or native drums. I led off with little Winnifred, while Jacob stood up with the coroneted damsel, and away we went to some extraordinary tune, for the missionary was evidently trying his fingers at the "Old Hundreth," while the flute was as obstinately bent upon making it "Drops of Brandy;" and the tom-toms floundered about between the two melodies.

You would have laughed to see how we worked away at that dance. Winnifred and the rest seemed quite at home at it: to me, we appeared to be going through the signs of the zodiac, or working our names and addresses on the grass, with an occasional rush down the middle, by way of note of admiration. The Veddahs seemed to be moved by galvanism; the lovey-loveys set beautifully to one of the palm-leaves; the limes gave hands across to the arecas and show-flowers; and as for the jessamines and passion-flowers, they rushed up the middle and down again with the plantains, in a way that evidently quite astonished the latter. Jacob danced alternately with everybody. He would have had a waltz with the missionary if he had not been so hard at work with that dreary, wheezy old reed of a flute; and I am not sure I didn't once see him having a short turn with the assistant-cook, away up in a corner.

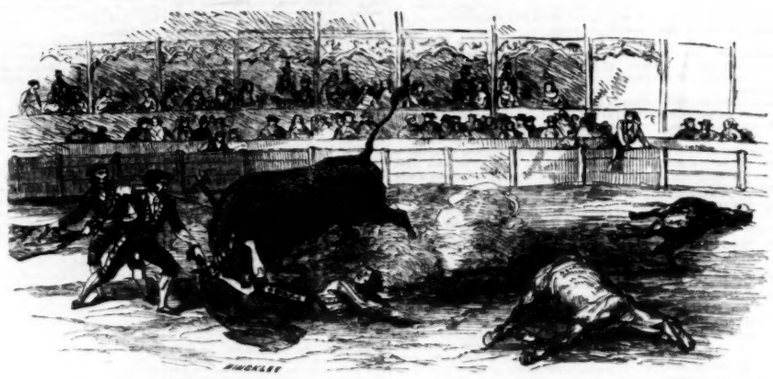
But all pleasure must have an end, and even the indefatigable Jacob at last found he was rather tired and warm. I was in a high fever, and could scarcely realise the idea, that that was indeed Christmas-day. Winnifred led me to a little garden-seat on the green grass-plot outside, away from the tall trees and the thick shrubs, and where the bright starry canopy of heaven formed the only roof: the rest of our friends followed; and there, on that sweet still spot, with the beautiful moon gazing calmly upon us, the missionary raised his voice, and commenced some fine old Dutch hymn in the Veddah dialect. Winnifred's soft, gentle notes blending with the fine tones of Jacob's deep voice, and the rich echoes of the Singalese choristers, floated through the calm still air, finding an echo in every shrub and flower and waving tree, and passing on from the green-sward to fields and dells afar, melted away in distance, and died upon the hill-tops of the Happy Valley.

* * *

The Use of Singing.—Some persons have no "music in their souls," and of course think it all folly to sing. A noted medical writer thus refers to the matter:

In infant schools everything is taught by the aid of song, and this exercise is found to be very beneficial to health. Many instances have occurred of weakly children, of two or three years of age, who could scarcely support themselves, having become robust and healthy by this constant exercise of the lungs. These results are perfectly philosophical. Singing tends to expand the chest, and thus increases the activity and powers of the vital organs.

Our Picture Gallery.



A BULL FIGHT AT MADRID.

The following is a description of the Bull Fight at Madrid, represented above, at which Montes, the celebrated *matador*, was wounded:

Montes, long known to be the "first sword" in Spain, married, about two years ago, his second wife; she having made the stipulation that he should no longer follow his dangerous vocation. For one season he kept his word; but this year, not being able any longer to resist the excitement of the bull-ring, or (as some say) influenced by avaricious motives (he clears by his vocation some $10,000 per annum), he returned to his former career. Up to the last day of the Madrid bull-fighting season, Montes escaped without any injury, although it was the general remark, by those who had known him in other times, that his agility was somewhat on the wane. Well, it might be, indeed, for he numbers, at this time, some fifty-seven or fifty-eight [illegible] abundant evidence.

On Sunday, the 21st ult., took place the last *medio correo*, or afternoon fight of bulls at Madrid: at which Montes was assisted, as usual, by his nephew, the young *chiclanero*, almost as dexterous a swordsman as himself. The first bull which entered the ring (there were seven massacred that day) manifested symptoms of more intelligence than usually falls to the lot of the bovine race. Instead of attacking the horses of the lancemen, or goring the red flags which the *chulos*, as usual, waved in his face, this bull made directly at the bodies of the men—*dio el cuerpo*, as the Spaniards remarked—and plied his human tormentors so dexterously, that they were at much pains to keep clear of his horns. In short, the Madrid belles pronounced this to be an infantry bull, as he only killed two horses—a fact which was considered so very disgraceful on his part, that *banderillas de fuego* were called for and granted. A word or two about these instruments of torture. Fancy, then, one of the old English cloth-yard shafts, ornamented with ribbons and colored paper, and garnished with fire-works, which, by some contrivance of fiendish ingenuity, ignite immediately the dart is plunged into the bull's shoulders—this is a *banderilla de fuego*. Their description awakens no very agreeable sensations, but yet they are considered a refinement on the old practice of worrying the bull with dogs for the purpose of raising his spirits before the final attack of the *matador*. The bull of which I speak, having been garnished with some dozen of these demoniacal weapons, at length became as mad as the most *exigeante* senors of Madrid could desire. Now came in Montes, his right hand bearing the sword, his left a red flag, his nephew, the *chiclanero*, by his side, and a band of *chulos*, or men whose duty it is, by flags and mantles, to distract the bull. Montes, looking his enemy full in the face, waved his flag, and walked, or rather waltzed up to his horns: as usual, he turned a little on one side, and shook the flag in the bull's face; but despite the confusion of fireworks and the noise of the spectators, this bull still knew the difference between a flag and a man. He aimed directly at the body, made a spring, and in an instant Montes was under his foot. The *chulos* ran forward, shook their flags—but in vain; the bull had already transfixed the calf of Montes, whose leg he was furiously shaking in the air; already he had withdrawn his horn to make another thrust, when the young *chiclanero* rushed forward, faced the bull, and without waiting for position, just touched the beast with the point of his sword on the nape of his neck; and it was no more. It was like the touch of a magician's wand; the sword scarcely entered three inches, yet the bull fell dead without a groan. Old Montes was rapidly carried away; the *chiclanero* gracefully bowed, and then left the ring to see the extent of his uncle's injury. After this five other bulls were massacred with the same refinement of cruelty, and finally, the Madrileños demanded another, as a blood-offering to their beloved Montes.

Selected Sketch.

A SCENE ON THE ISTHMUS.

FROM FABEN'S "LIFE ON THE ISTHMUS."

It was a stormy evening; the rain fell in merciless torrents. Among the thick forests on the opposite bank it plunged with a heavy crashing sound. The yellow streams rushed in foaming impetuosity down the sloping hill-side of Palenquilla, and gave a fresh impulse to the already maddened current of the river. It was no easy task to keep a footing in the ascent leading to the hotel farthest from our barge, for while the wind did its best to overthrow you, the running water and the slippery soil under foot contributed equally to the difficulties of locomotion.—Nevertheless, prompted by something which, for lack of a better term, you may call curiosity, I was bent on reaching that edifice; and as sleep in our barge, owing to the social peculiarities of our neighbors, was out of the question, had quite made up my mind, if I did succeed in reaching it, to pass the night there. Sleep—yes, to court that—not rest, but sleep—was to be the end of my toilsome journey, as I thought. Sleep—I did not find it there, but there was one who did; one who closed his little eyes forever on the weary world that night, and was with the angels when he awoke. * * * *

I must have been very tired and sleepy, for I can only recollect one moment when the cracking of the cane floor beneath my step chimed in beautifully with the pattering of the heavy rain-drops on the roof, and I think slumber seized me even as I settled down upon my primitive couch. I had hardly lost myself, as the expression is, when I was again roused to consciousness by voices in the apartment below. The first was that of a woman, low and shrill, impressing me as coming from a heart in bitterest warfare with its destiny, and curiously at variance with the lulling sound of the rain, and the dull, heavy, mournful gustiness of the wind.

"Oh, John," it cried, in tones of agony, "do not let him die, he is my little angel; John, oh, I cannot let him die!"

"Hush, dear," said another voice, the rough, hard voice of a man, "why should we ask to have him spared? Has our life been so very pleasant that we should pray for a like boon for *him*?"

The words, and the tone in which they were uttered more than the words themselves, revealed to me a picture, suddenly illuminated as it were by a flash of Heaven's lightning, in which I noted all the details of one of those unhappy lives so commonly led by the sensitive and poor. It was with no hope of turning back the tide of hurrying events, and yet certainly with no idle curiosity, that I crept along over the cane floor of my chamber towards the aperture, where I could leisurely inspect the scene below. Oh, what would I not have given for the power and appliances of the painter, to have stamped its lineaments upon the canvass, even as I saw them there! A man and woman had entered, and were seated side by side on two rude boxes, stationed in a corner of the apartment, which was possibly the most comfortable locale, if such an epithet may be applied to premises so utterly wet and cheerless. These two persons seemed in full possession of the house. The proprietor had either gone out, or was coiled away to sleep in some corner hidden to my view. A second glance revealed a third person, a child of apparently not more than five or six summers, whose emaciated and spasmodic frame was almost wholly concealed by the protecting arms of the man, evidently his father. This group of three was so disposed, with the feeble candle-light falling full upon them, that, in my desire to read their story in their faces, I almost immediately saw their each minutest line, while all the world beside became nothing but the blackest void, and my ear ceased to take note of the rain and gusty wind, and heard nothing but the outpourings of these forlorn and seemingly forgotten spirits.

The man was apparently rather under what is termed the middle age, of small stature, wasted and thin, as if from long care and self-denial. His attire, even in the abandon of that out-of-the-way spot, somewhat bespoke the gentleman, and just as plainly, too, the *poor* gentleman. As he sat holding his frail burden, every moment, alas! becoming frailer, vainly trying to soothe it to a moment's repose, and after each unsuccessful effort turning his beseeching eyes to heaven, I could read in his sharp, pale face, his high projecting, but not broad forehead, his quick restless eye, flashing with a certain fire withal, and the unsteady working of his mouth, the plainly written story of a high-hearted, disappointed man. There was something in his whole demeanor which bespoke the man of pride, of principle, of genius, too, but also of irresolution—the most unhappy type of all God's images on earth; the man who, seeing the prizes with which life's lottery is teeming, and knowing the way to reach them, yet lacks the nerve to follow therein, because the cowardly doubt is still there, as to whether, after all, the highest good is thus to be obtained.

The woman, like the man, in one respect at least, was "not now that which she had been," and yet there were traces of her former better self flickering occasionally in her face and mien. Although no smile played upon her lips, which were once beautiful, but were now thin and drawn tightly together, as if to shut out from her heart the atmosphere of a world that had never seemed to love her, and no especial brilliance flashed upon you when the lids were raised from eyes around which were drawn dark lines, and which stood out in painful prominence from wasted cheeks; and although her costume was of the simplest, suggestive of a dull routine of daily tasks, and nothing of the dashiness and bravery of life, yet there was something, not exactly visible to the outward eye, which showed that this was not the destiny to which she was born; else why should I have seen her, as in the mirror of the past, sweeping with gallant grace adown a gilded drawing-room, or rousing to wild gaiety a sea-shore or hearth-side party, by looks and tones fraught with fire-like electric sparks? Even now, in that worn, slender, compressed frame, there was secreted a possibility of fascination, which needed only the showers and beams of sympathizing hearts to awaken to active being. Ye rude ones of the world, ye who take pride in the scrupulous correctness of your dealings in your business relations with other men, paying promptly your pecuniary debts even to the uttermost farthing, but who, in the calculating and unfeeling pursuit of your selfish ends, jostle the pure, the gentle, and the uncomplaining from *their* paths of life, depriving them thus of those simple pleasures which you know not of, because you cannot enjoy them; think you that you will never be called to a reckoning for this?

And the little child, who was overleaping all this weariness and misery of life, and was soon to be a little cherub—I actually found myself chuckling over the idea that he was cheating the old deceptive villain of a world, and was eluding its clutches even by a stolen march to heaven. No frittering away of the beauty and glory of *his* young life by unmanly, cankering cares. The lustre of his roguish little eye was not to be dimmed, the rosy fulness of his mischievous mouth was not to be wholly wasted, his laughing curls were not even to be cut, till he had lain them all in the bosom of the rotting earth which was their mother. *I have said that he was a child of some five or six summers.* There was none of the frostiness of winter about [illegible] case, suggestive of cold or barrenness. He was a delicate summer flower, and now that he was being crushed to earth, it was a summer storm that did it; a rude gale, that might break his fragile stalk, and scatter far and wide his fair frail petals, but which would none the less certainly waft the essence of his fragrance and loveliness far beyond the clouds.

The father sat with the child in his arms, not with any hope of keeping him from the grasp of death, but gently rocking him, as if trying to lull him off to slumber, as he had often perchance done after frolicsome days, when sleep came with a soft and welcome tread, bringing pleasant dreams and angel-whispers in her train. Then the sweet vision of the morrow awakening danced before the father's brain, and now——

The mother sat by his side, with her hands clenched, firmly knit together. She was trying to feel physically the agony of sitting helpless there, while her child died. She could not bring herself to feel it, and so she kept rising up, looking wildly round, but, seeing no succor in any quarter, would settle into her seat again with an agonizing groan.

"Oh, John," she would gasp out at times, "tell me, will he live, will he be better soon, will he know his dear mother again? God forgive me, but I cannot—oh, no, indeed, I cannot let him die!"

And then, again:

"Oh, why is it, why *must* it be so? When we left everything else, and our other children behind us, we could not leave little Charlie. He was to have been our good angel, to make every hardship light and pleasant. Tell me, John, if there is any meaning in this blow!"

"It is the penalty we pay for being poor," answered the man, bitterly.

A dark shadow, as of remorse, settled suddenly down upon the woman's brow, as she continued, wildly:

"But I thought it was enough when we buried little Arthur; you said God had taken him, and it was better for him and us. But Charlie, he has been longer with us, and he is different from all the others; we can never love anything again as we have loved him. Oh, see him now; see his little limbs, how they twine. Oh, God, do not let him suffer thus! take him, if Thou must, but do not let him linger thus!"

And the father answered solemnly, while the child's limbs were stiff and bent in a last convulsion, and the old look of life was fading away in his upturned eyes, and great drops of agonizing sweat stood upon his little brow, and while greater drops came upon the father's face—a face whose every line spoke a voiceless prayer to God to shorten the death-struggle—thus he answered:

"Yes, Mary, this suffering is very hard, almost *too* hard; but hear me, Mary, and thank God with me that our Charlie shall never know a suffering ten thousand times greater than this, which you and I could not have seen and felt for!"

"He does not suffer," said another voice, close by. "Even now, your child Charlie rejoices with the angels in the paradise of God."

As the voice spoke, the painful gurgling ceased in the child's throat, his limbs gradually straightened, and resumed their native grace, while a lovely radiance illumined his beautiful countenance, as if it had caught a reflex from the happy spirit hovering there a short moment to bid adieu to its late tenement of clay. A peaceful, easy drawing of a breath or two, and the last chapter of this little life on earth was closed.

There was silence for some minutes. The rain was over, the winds were at rest, and a broad square of moonlight came in through the doorway of the ranche, lighting up the spot where sat the figures of the scene.

It was only natural that the last comer should have been Arthur Orrington. It was particularly fitting that he should have come at that moment—I had no curious sensation how or whence—to form as it were a connecting, reconciling link between those afflicted spirits and the higher order of existences, of which their child was now one. And when, taking a hand of each within his own, he knelt before them in prayer, I could not help feeling indeed that something of the spirit of Him who, coming down from heaven, took upon Himself the likeness even of us, and "went about doing good," yet lingered in the form of our humanity.

His prayer was no idle expenditure of words. It rose up from his soul like spiritual incense; and as it ascended, a like incense from other souls mingled and rose with it, an acceptable offering at the throne of the All-perfect. Oh, what an odor of tearful joy, and gratitude, and hope seemed to float upward and outward from our hearts, making the atmosphere about us redolent of all pleasant things, when that clear, soft, solemn voice repeated the words of our Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto Me;" and then the ineffable peace and faith which overcame us, how can I describe it, when there followed the blessed assurance, that "of such was the kingdom of heaven!" But when, for the first time, the absolute certainty of their child's eternal bliss broke upon the parents' brain; when, following the spirit of the prayer, they saw him sitting with the white-robed cherubs at the feet of Christ, and knew that there should be his home forever, the measure of their thankfulness was full. The great glory of the thought, that while they were going about in quest of the treasures of earth, other hands than those of men had been gathering treasures for them, worth more than all the worlds of space, and laying them up in those regions "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal," was enough. The corpse of the child lying in its last composure, as if fanned to slumber by an angel's wing, was but typical of the perfect peace and gladness of those two spirits bowed and silent in the presence of that sublime revelation.

It was long after the departure of Arthur Orrington, ere a word was spoken on either side. The man and woman sat in their respective seats, almost motionless, while the former still held in his arms his still precious burden. At length a loud, long sob burst from the woman, and as she turned her face full towards me, catching meanwhile upon her husband's arm, I saw lines of tears streaming down her cheek.

"John," said she, in a tone most thrillingly sad, yet earnest, "I feel that I have done a great wrong, but God has forgiven me; can you forgive me also?"

The man changed not his posture in the slightest, and she continued:

"When you were in trouble, John, when the world grew dark around you, when you hadn't a friend, John, because you hadn't money, but when a little money would have made you free and happy, I had it and kept it back from you."

The man turned upon her a countenance full of emotion, but in which was no sentiment of anger.

"Yes, John, I had money—money inherited from a relative that you did not know of—and I kept it back. But oh! believe me, I did not keep it from avarice or mistrust; I kept it because I would have been too wise, and was a fool."

In the man's countenance was an expression of earnest, searching inquiry, which the woman interpreting, went on:

"Yes, John, I saw you suffer day by day; I saw your sensitive spirit goaded and made miserable; I saw you despised by mean, unworthy men, and I kept back the money which might have made you independent of them all. But, oh! John, I did not keep it back for myself. I kept it for our son; yes, for him, that I might have it to keep off the evil of his dark day. Oh! I thought it would come as yours had come, when he was a handsome, high-hearted young man, and I could not bear to think of him crushed and disappointed, and despised of his companions. So I said, I will save it for him, and when his dark day comes, and he shall say to me, 'Mother, I have no friends, and no position in the world, and I must die,' then I would bring it forth and give it to him, and be repaid by his kisses and his tears, for all that you and I have suffered. Oh, what a fool I was!"

The woman's tears fell in gushing rivers, but her sobs were less wild and violent. The man wept, too, but calmly; and taking her by the hand, he said, in a voice so touchingly tender and sad, that I found my own tears falling likewise:

"You are my own dearest Mary. I love you better, ten thousand times better, than ever. Let us thank God together that Charlie's dark day has come and gone; he will never, never see another, never another shadow through all eternity!"

"But, John, it was wrong to let you suffer as I did, and wrong to wish to thwart the Providence of God, and keep my idol from his share of the world's sorrow. Let us try to understand this lesson. Let us go back to those who are left to us. We shall have enough to begin life with somewhere, and we will live together, all of us. There is certainly a place for us somewhere in the world, and no matter how humbly we live. It seems to me that there cannot be any poverty or hardship left, now Charlie is dead. Dear Charlie! he left us nothing but his dear, sweet memory, and yet how rich are we in the love which he has already sent down to us from Heaven! Let us go back, John, to where our home was, and not care for such wealth as gold any more."

"Be it so," said the man; and he bowed his head and imprinted a passionate kiss upon the pale forehead of his dead child, as if the little one, whose every word and act had been lovely and endearing during life, had taught a yet lovelier lesson by his death.

Afterwards, when a native woman came in, and, removing the corpse tenderly from the father's arms, laid it upon the counter, and proceeded to wash its face and smooth down its tumbled locks, but did not remove its clothes; for the mother, by signs and looks, forbade, thus leading me to think that it was a favorite suit, perchance the very one which he wore to church, hand in hand with his proud parents—proud of *him*,—humble enough in so much else—on the last Sabbath of their sojourn in their native land—the fact of her appearance, I say, was somehow associated in my mind with the idea of Arthur Orrington, as if he had sent her to do this. Calmly as she performed her delicate task, and tearlessly as, having prepared the body even for burial, she threw over it a fragment of a cotton robe, bound with a deep fringe of elaborately-wrought lace, and then taking from a box upon the floor two tallow candles, and lighting them, placed them at its head and feet, it required no subtle powers of penetration to see that she worked not for hire, unless, indeed, payment was to be taken in looks of heart-gushing gratitude and love.—What mattered it that she was black, and that her features were not as delicately carved as those about her! In the dusky shadow of the Great Reaper's presence, forms and colors were alike, and God, who seeth deeper than these, knows if at that moment her spirit likewise was not pure and white as theirs.

I left my chamber noiselessly, and crept out unseen. The day was just beginning to break. It was a fresh, clear, breezy morning. As I slid along downward toward the beach, merry shouts came rolling up to greet me, and when I arrived among them, all was activity and bustle. The "poco tiempo" principle of the natives was for the time ignored by the resolute gold-seekers, determined to get on. Our matin hymn was, "Wake up there," "Go ahead," "Clear the Kitchen," and it rose to the melodious accompaniment of tin pans and portable cooking-stoves. Each was striving to be off first, and not a little gouging was going on in consequence, mingled with hard words and some unimportant skirmishes. Nevertheless, the scene was pleasant and enlivening, so suggestive as it was of cheery life, and health and hope.

But I could not keep my thoughts from recurring sometimes to the bereaved couple whom I had left in the ranche upon the hill. In imagination I saw them fulfilling their last duties towards the precious remains of their darling babe, putting them beneath the ground, hiding them from their sight forever, and then, with faces turned homeward, going in quite another way from the rest of us, down the windings of that melancholy river alone.

Alone!

Foreign Letter.

A WINTER'S STUDY IN GERMANY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Though I have now been in Germany four months, time enough, one would think, to have become acquainted with the people in their homes, I am scarcely better acquainted with German in-door life, than when I left Philadelphia. As a palliation of my ignorance, I have only to say, that most of my time has been spent in Göttingen, a city that has won for itself among the students, the title of the "Little China." Personal observation does not enable me to say whether the cognomen is deserved or not, but some of my friends who have spent some time here, assert that the exclusiveness and reserve of the inhabitants ally them closely to the "Celestials." It cannot be denied that social intercourse is hedged about with more forms than we are accustomed to in America; perhaps, I should say, with different forms, which, from their novelty, seem a little absurd. Notwithstanding what seems to us a want of freedom of social intercourse, Gottingen is far from being a dull or unpleasant city. Bayard Taylor calls it, "spite of its black-eyed maidens—melancholy Göttingen." But he was suffering with illness, and was pining for the glories of the Hartz. Spite of its pretty maidens, it is a cheerful spot, even in winter, and in summer it must be delightful. It is an old-fashioned town, that looks as if it might have been crystallized into its present shape, a century ago. Its antiquated houses, with their steeple roofs, their flat, dormer windows, and their weather-beaten, moss-covered tiles, form a study for an American, who thinks of calling a house old, when it has attained its majority. Its tolerably broad, well paved, clean streets, with good sidewalks, distinguish it from most of the smaller German towns which I have visited. It lies in a basin formed by the outlying ridges of the Hartz, not here dignified by the name of mountains, but forming hills of considerable elevation, whose gently rising slopes form, upon every side, landscapes that are nothing more and nothing less than beautiful. The little river Leine runs through the town, and serves to drive the wheels of a couple of mills. European as everything seems when you are in the city itself, on my first approach, I was forcibly reminded of towns in our Western prairies. The thin, time-stained, storm-beaten towers, that rise above, did not produce the illusion, but the herds of cattle that I found grazing together, upon the city land, to the number of two or three hundred, just as you may see them on the prairies of Illinois, in the neighborhood of a considerable village. There is a strip of land surrounding the city, known as the city land, which is rented out to the inhabitants, and upon which their cattle graze. In winter they are stabled in town, and Göttingen has the singular feature of stables attached to perhaps one-third of the houses. As most of the dwellings have but a single entrance, it is not an uncommon sight to see a cow walking out of the front door.

The market-place, on market days, presents a sight that no American will forget, who has ever seen it. Every day as I go to my lectures, I pass through it, and three times in the week have a little difficulty in making my way through the crowds of buyers and sellers. On other than market days, the attraction which a crowd always has for me, is supplied by a sickly fountain, that sends a thread of water into the air, and makes me think of a Philadelphia shop boy watering the streets on a hot, dusty afternoon, with a hand-hose. Thrice a week the peasants from the neighboring villages muster here in force, the weaker sex, as it is the fashion to call women in America, exhibiting a decided preponderance, in point of number and importance. Coarse, bronzed, robust creatures, who have seen nothing but the rough side of life, dressed in garments of homemade stuff, imitating "Bloomers" in brevity, but without the pantalettes. Their heads are innocent of bonnets, and their feet are clad in shoes against which the most strenuous opponent of paper soles would utter no word of complaint. As a badge of her station, the "Bauerinn" of Gottingen has a huge basket, holding a bushel or more, slung at her back. This contains her marketing, butter, eggs, and cheese of most penetrating odor, sausage-meat, poultry, &c. Sometimes, in addition to its ordinary contents, you may see a German youngster peeping out. When the basket affords no room for the baby, it is attached in some way, to me quite inconceivable, to the mother's neck, and so the [illegible] to and from the city. In the market-place and the streets adjoining hundreds of these peasant women may be seen, standing or sitting with their baskets beside them, heedless of rain and snow and cold, waiting patiently without a thought of providing shelter for themselves, till they have disposed of their stock. You will see a sprinkling of uncouth men, wearing long blue blouses and drab leggings, sticks in hand and pipe in mouth. They saunter up and down the square, apparently without any business. I have often bothered my brain to know what particular function they perform. They certainly have nothing to do with those huge baskets. It would be quite "out of their sphere" to shoulder one of them. As you walk out of town you frequently meet the country people coming in; the woman always carries the load. Her lazy lord has enough to do to smoke his pipe and carry his cane. If they had a little darker complexion, and wore a blanket instead of a blouse, one might easily fancy that they were Indians.

Here and there along the street you see diminutive wagons, resembling an American hay wagon, filled with bags of grain. In the foreground usually stand two, three, or more, inexpressibly droll-looking donkeys. I suppose these bloused lords of creation come in to take care of their donkeys and their women. I am told that market-scenes resembling those I have described, are not universal in Germany. In all, I suppose, the women take the largest share of the hard work, but this burdensome basket hung upon the shoulder is not very general.

Murray, whose red-covered guide-books have given him a fame over all Europe, says that Gottingen, notwithstanding its students, is a dull town. If quiet is the principal ingredient of dullness, I am quite confident that Murray must have been here during the vacation. I can testify to the strength of German lungs, and the willingness of students to display their full power. The laws of the University require the students to make no noise in the streets. I think the regulation must be obsolete by non user. Beer houses should be closed at 10 o'clock. The beadles of the University allow two hours' grace, good-hearted men. They were once students. Till 11 o'clock the streets give out no sound but the noise of passing feet. After that hour the drinking parties begin to break up, and till two or three in the morning, particularly on Saturday and Sunday, the studies of the quieter students, and the slumbers of the tired citizens, are disturbed by the shouts and half-murdered songs of the drunken revellers. Living on the most frequented street in town, I get at least my share of this experience of student-life. New Year's Eve was the maddest night that it has been my lot to witness. Just fancy a large majority of eight hundred students, inspired by copious draughts of whiskey punch, assisted in their laudable efforts to make as much noise as possible, by a large number of the younger citizens, acting under the same potent influence. Two or three bedlams and a well-stocked menagerie, let loose, might hope by dint of practice to compete with it. How long the uproar lasted I cannot say; at three o'clock it was in full blast.

Gottingen is blest with a promenade such as few cities, whether great or small, can boast. All around the city, a distance of two miles and a half, is an earthen wall, the remnant of former fortifications, nearly forty feet in width and twenty in height. Covered with a thick layer of gravel, after the heaviest rains it soon becomes dry, and in summer and winter is fit for use. Throughout its whole extent, it is shaded by a double row of large and thrifty lindens, whose branches meet, forming a canopy impervious to the sun's mid-day beams. Here, on fine days particularly, may be seen all classes of the inhabitants. You will detect the professor by his thoughtful, learned look; the students, especially the younger ones, by their peculiar caps, their yellow gloves, their little canes with which they slash the air as if they were fencing with some invisible foe; the burgher can be known at once by his not looking like either of the others. There, too, are the ladies, very fond of exercise, having in general stated hours for their promenade. At those times students most do congregate there; of course, they never miss their lectures on this account. I think the time for lectures must be arranged with some reference to this matter. Nor must I forget the children, dear little souls; bright, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, chubby-cheeked boys and girls, jabbering away in German. I wish they would give us a little English. To be away from home two or three years, and hear not a word of English from the lips of children—what a fate is that. But then they laugh (and cry too) in English, or in a universal language just as good.

When I write again I shall probably have something to say about the universities, and the advantages which Gottingen offers to the student.

C. G.

A HEROINE AT THE DIGGINGS.

The Dublin Commercial Journal publishes a letter of quite a romantic character, lately received by a lady of Dublin from a young female friend, and formerly acquaintance of hers, now at the Australian diggings. It appears from her narrative that she and her brother were suddenly left orphans with £300 for their necessities, and all the fancies and niceties which life and prosperous circumstances is wont to include. "He had passed through college with credit, and could write poetry and ride up to the hounds as well as any huntsman who ever hunted the Golden Vale, while I, on my part, could play polkas, sing ballads, speak French, and a little German, was a capital housekeeper (only I had no home,) and once in my life had composed a waltz, and written sixteen chapters of a novel, which broke down from my not knowing how to get my heroine out of a terrible scrape. But, alas! my dear friend, all these things might have done well enough 'once upon a time,' but the real battle of life was now to be fought by two utterly inexperienced raw recruits, and the question was, how our time and means were to be properly rather than pleasantly spent. Fortunately, we were both young, strong, active, and hearty, and never did any Sebastian and Viola of them all love each other with a stronger and more enduring affection than did *Frank* and I—sole remnants, as we were, of so much prosperity and so little prudence."

After much nervous consultation over the £300, they determined to emigrate to Australia. On reaching Melbourne they found that they could not encounter worse inconveniences at the diggings, and there they now are under singularly interesting circumstances. The young lady says: "I was resolved to accompany my brother and his friends to the diggings, and I felt that to do so in my own proper costume and character would be to run unnecessary hazard. Hence my change. I cut my hair into a very masculine fashion; I purchased a broad felt hat, a sort of tunic or smock of coarse blue cloth, trowsers to conform, boots of a miner, and thus parting with my sex for a season (I hoped a better one,) behold me an accomplished candidate for mining operations and all the perils and inconveniences they might be supposed to bring. All this transmutation took place with Frank and Mr. M———'s sanction; indeed, it was he who first suggested the change, which I grasped at and improved on. I could not bear to be separated from Frank, and we all felt that I should be safer in my male attire than if I exposed myself to the dangers of the route and residence in my proper guise. We have now been nine weeks absent from Melbourne, and have tried three localities, at the latter of which we have been most fortunate. We are near water (a first rate article,) and our tent is pitched on the side of as pretty a valley as you could wish to visit. I have for myself a sort of "supplementary canvass chamber," in which I sleep, cook, wash clothes—that is, my own and *Frank's*—and keep watch and ward over heaps of gold dust and "nuggets," the sight and touch of which inspirit me when I grow dull, which I seldom do, for I have constant "droppers in," and to own the truth, even in my palmiest days, I never was treated with greater courtesy or respect. Of course, my sex is generally known. I am called "Mr. Harry" (an abbreviation of Harriet,) but no one intrudes the more on that account. In fact, I have become a "necessity," as I am always ready to do a good turn, the great secret, after all of social success; and I never refuse to oblige a "neighbor," be the trouble what it may. The consequences are pleasant enough.

Many a "nugget" is thrust on me whether I will or no, in return for cooking a pudding or darning a shirt, and if all the cooks and sempstresses in the world were as splendidly paid as I am, the "Song of the Shirt" would never have been written, at all events. My own hoard amounts now to about 10 lbs. of gold, and if I go on accumulating, even the richest heiress in my family in former days will be left immeasurably behind. Sometimes, when we have a few idle hours, I accompany Frank and his comrades to the diggings, and it is a rare thing to watch the avidity with which every "bucket" is raised, washed, examined, and commented upon. Wild the life is, certainly, but full of excitement and hope; and, strange as it is, I almost fear to tell you, that I do not wish it to end! You can hardly conceive what a merry company gather together in our tent every evening, or how pleasantly the hours pass. Tea and coffee we have in plenty, for every one brings a hoard, and milk we manage to obtain, for among us we have imported two [illegible] a mere trifle. Cake of various kinds I manufacture, thanks to old Betsy D——— for teaching me; and as for liquor, we sometimes have a little wine, brandy, or arrack, and sometimes not. And then we dance to the music of a German flute, played by a real German, or we sing glees and quartettes, or talk of Moore, Byron, Burns, Goethe, "Shakspeare and the musical glasses," &c., until midnight, and sometimes long after it. As to suitors, I have them in plenty, and not despicable ones either, I assure you."

Clippings.

Love is a bird of Summer skies;
From cold and from Winter he soon departs;
He basks in the beam of good humored eyes,
And delights in the warmth of open hearts;
But where he has once found chill and rain
He seldom returns to that bower again.

☞ Lord Ellenborough once said to a barrister, upon his asking, in the midst of a boring harangue, "Is it the pleasure of the Court that I should proceed with my statement?" "Pleasure, Mr. ———, has been out of the question for a long time, but you may proceed."

☞ A writer in the National Intelligencer complains of the names given to new cities, towns, &c., in this country, and says that he himself is a citizen of Dresden, close by Vienna, on the road to Naples, between Antwerp and Corinth in Indiana.

☞ In the adjudication of a squabble, which recently occurred in Small Street, in this city, a black fellow was charged with suborning a witness to commit perjury. The bribe, which it was alleged had been paid for the offence, was one cent!

☞ "The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Suett, to a tallow-chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am sorry for that." "Yes, sir, do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then *burn no longer*." "You surprise me; what sir, did they go out?" "No, sir, no; they *burnt shorter*."

A WOMAN with a winning face,
But with a heart untrue,
Though beautiful, is valueless
As diamonds formed of dew.

☞ "A man must be a fool who can't make $25,000 a year," was the casual remark lately of one Wall-Street operator to another. The number of the Wise, then, in New York, is about five hundred.

☞ Kirwan states, that in the burial grounds of Paris, such inscriptions as the following, are not uncommon:—"His widow continues his business, Rue Saint Denis 340." "Very high, very powerful Princess, aged one day."

☞ The San Francisco Whig says, "We yesterday saw something new under the sun. The fancy bay horse of William Langerman came out in a new year's suit of bright dun color, entirely changing his appearance. This feat was performed by an Englishman named Murphy, and is accomplished by the use of no coloring or dyes, but simply by clipping the hair. The invention is English and new, and was first devised to disguise certain famously fast running horses, so that their owners might get matches which their well known speed rendered impossible."

☞ The number of churches in the city (proper) of London is fifty-seven, and the average Sunday attendance is found to range from ten to fifty—these miserable congregations including beadles, charity children, and ordinary church officials. This is owing to the fact that the city has been almost deserted as a place of residence, while the churches remain as of old.

☞ When Voltaire wrote his tragedy of Europe, he called up his servant one morning at three o'clock, and gave him some verses to carry immediately to the Sieur Paulin, who was to perform the tyrant. His man alleged that it was the hour of sleep, and that the actor might not like to be disturbed. "Go, I say," replied Voltaire; "tyrants never sleep."

☞ To feed an ox to one thousand two hundred pounds weight usually takes five years; while the same weight of poultry can be made ready for the table in about three months, and at less than half the cost in food. So says an English poulterer.

☞ The folly of connubial quarrelling was strikingly illustrated in Lowell, the other day. The better half of a Mr. Evans got angry with him, and sought satisfaction by cutting off the head of his portrait. The indignant husband flew to the law for satisfaction on his part, and protection for the future, and the result was that Mrs. Evans was fined for cutting up her tantrums as aforesaid, and—*Mr. Evans had to pay the fine!*

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies, - - - - $5 00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $10 00 "
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20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) $20 00 "

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We have thought it best to allow another week to elapse before beginning Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet of

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING WHEEL.

We design commencing it, without fail, in our paper of April 9th. It will be, we judge, somewhat about the length of Clara Moreland—and no doubt worthy of the author's high reputation.

We repeat—for the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post—that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And follow that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

In addition to the above attractions, we are authorized by Grace Greenwood to announce a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE;

to be published in the course of the Spring and Summer months—including "letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual Miscellany of the paper, [illegible] essays from the English magazines, general and political news, &c., shall not be neglected.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

We observe that several efforts have been made in various parts of the country, principally by Roman Catholics, to alter the present system of Public Schools, so as to allow a division of the funds, in order that separate, sectarian schools may be established.

While we are in favor of endeavoring to remove from our Public Schools, everything that can with justice be objected to by the Roman Catholics, or any other sect, we feel bound, after consideration, to oppose the movement in question. The end of it would be the destruction of our Public School system, and in the place of it the establishment of Roman Catholic schools, Presbyterian schools, Methodist schools, Baptist schools, &c., all calculated, if not designed, to make their pupils as bigoted and intolerant as possible.

No, let the members of the different churches have their Sunday Schools, and let them depend upon these, and upon household instruction, for such religious teaching as they think needful for their children. But let the public schools be a broad, neutral ground, on which boys can learn the great principle of toleration, by seeing that Patrick O'Brien, the Catholic, and Jack Moore, the Baptist or Methodist or Quaker, can sit beside each other in the same class, feel a high degree of boyish friendship, and have any amount of "splendid fun" together, notwithstanding Patrick goes to one church and Jack to another.

Doubtless, even under the wisest and fairest administered school system, the children often will be exposed to hearing sentiments inculcated at variance from those which their parents would approve. All good books of almost every kind, partake of the authors' peculiar ways of thinking upon religion or politics. Moreover, a good teacher also will be apt to have decided opinions upon all important questions; and, while intending to be strictly fair and impartial, doubtless will involuntarily tinge his instructions with his peculiar beliefs. But what then? Are we so fearful of the power of what we believe the Truth, that we cannot trust our children, fortified by the combined influences of Church and Sabbath School and Home, to the occasional hearing of what we consider religious or political heresy? They have got to hear it some day, or else you must keep them out of business and out of the world. It is right, perhaps, that they should know, at a proper time, even what can be most strongly urged against the faith in which they have been nurtured; that they may decide for themselves what is truth, as many of their parents have decided before them.

But, whether this latter view be correct or not, it is evident that we must choose between a system of public schools, in which children are exposed in some degree to teachings which their parents would not entirely approve, or a system of sectarian schools, tending to bigotry and uncharitableness. We must take the public schools, as tolerant and impartial as they can be made; or sectarian schools, as intolerant and partial as men can make them. And have those of our Roman Catholic friends who are moving in this matter, considered what the result of their endeavors might be, if successful? The same change which would give them Catholic schools, would give a sectarian tinge to the Protestant ones. While the Catholic children might grow up more bigoted in their faith, the Protestant children also might grow up somewhat different men and women from those who are now the bulwarks of religious freedom in America. And if toleration ever be cast aside, and a different rule of action adopted, it is the weakest, not the strongest, that goes to the wall. Is this not a view worthy of some consideration?

One thing which is generally objected to, we believe, by the Roman Catholics, is the reading of the Protestant version of the Bible in the public schools. And, in this connection, we would suggest to our Protestant readers, whether this point be one worthy the strong defence which some, in a natural spirit of controversy, we fear, have made of it. So far as our observation extends, the reading of the Bible in schools, generally is attended with circumstances not calculated to add to the reverence with which its inspired lessons should be regarded. It appears to us that the sacred desk, the Sabbath School, and the family circle are much more appropriate places in which to unfold its lessons of Holy Wisdom. In probably the great majority of cases, the feeling between the teacher and his pupils is not one which renders him the best qualified to speak to them upon holy things. Besides, the children generally, either are too eager to begin or to leave off their studies, to enable them to listen with attention to what is read to them. It thus too often becomes a mere formality, totally destitute of that life and unction which should attend it. If these views be correct, the reading of the Bible in our public schools might safely be dispensed with, and one of the principal grounds of controversy between Protestant and Roman Catholic parents be removed.

THE BRITISH ATTACK ON TRUXILLO.—Already do we perceive the wisdom of not having flared up, with so many of our contemporaries, at the telegraphic news from New Orleans, purporting to give an account of certain outrageously British doings in Central America. A modified version already has come to hand, stating that the errand of the British steamer simply was to obtain a guaranty from the authorities of Truxillo, that certain British Mahogany cutters should not be molested—the capture of the town thus having dwindled to a very different and comparatively insignificant affair. Then again, we have a statement from Port Royal, Jamaica, that the steamship alluded to, the Devastation, was at that town on the 6th of March, being four days from the Bahamas; and nothing being said at that place of any important doings in Honduras, doubt is thrown over the whole matter.

We should think that, by this time, the American press would have learned some caution, relative to the hasty expression of opinion upon matters of mere rumor. Certainly it has had experience enough that the telegraph is not implicitly to be depended upon. During the filibustering movements against Cuba, scarcely a week elapsed without its lie, designed to create and keep alive a bad feeling towards the authorities of that island. Even recently, a statement has gone the rounds of the press, that Vice President King was treated with discourtesy by the Captain-General, which statement is now contradicted by the Washington Union, probably on the authority of Col. King himself. The Union says that, so far from the report being correct, the attentions of General Canedo to Colonel King, from the moment of the arrival of the latter, were assiduous, and marked by a spirit corresponding both to the high station and character of the Captain-General of Cuba and of the Vice President elect of the United States.

But these lies respecting foreign powers with whom we are in danger of having difficulties, all do their work, and their concocters know it. If the newspapers will receive them for the time being as true, and write indignation articles upon the spur of the moment, the contradiction when it comes to hand, never fully restores the old tone of good feeling. And there are certain papers in the country, edited upon the unprincipled maxim of never admitting themselves to be in the wrong, which having once taken ground upon a subject, will not retrace their steps, even upon the certain proof being afforded them of their error. In some cases, such papers will even omit to insert the contradictions of false statements—and thus their readers, unless they happen to see the truth in some other paper, are left with an utterly false impression of the facts of the case. It seems to us, that the man who is not ready and willing to publish all important or interesting items of news as they come to hand, without regard to the bearing they may have upon any of his opinions, expressed or unexpressed—or who is not able to restrain his indignation at a foreign nation, until he has something more than mere rumor to base it upon, is scarcely worthy of the responsible situation of editor.

THE CONSUMPTION OF ARDENT SPIRITS.—We perceive from some recent British statistics, that the Father Mathew Temperance Reformation in Ireland was to a great degree a permanent reform. It appears that the consumption of ardent spirits in the entire United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, was about the same in 1851 as in 1828,—between 23 and 24 millions of gallons. But Ireland had lessened its consumption from nearly 10 to a little over 7½ millions, while England had advanced from 7¾ to 9¼ millions, and Scotland from 5¾ to above 6¾ millions. Thus, while the consumption of spirituous liquors in England and Scotland has about kept pace with the increase of population during the last 24 years, neither increasing nor decreasing; in Ireland the consumption has diminished over 25 per cent., without any abatement of the population. Moreover, we have the gratifying statement, that "the reduction in Ireland mainly took place in 1839 and 1840, in consequence of the preachings of Father Mathew; and the low quantity attained in the latter year stands to this day unincreased." We scarcely would have believed such a statement of the "impulsive Irish," were it not thus sustained by figures.

THE INDIANS.—Gen. Houston, of Texas, in a lecture recently delivered in this city, stated as an example of the injustice which is constantly done this vanishing race, that $600,000 was voted by Congress to the Menomonies, who were in a state of the most abject poverty and destitution, and actually saw their wives and children starving before their eyes. The money was sent to the Governor of the Territory, and one-tenth of it, or "about $60,000 was divided among the tribe, and the rest, oh, monstrous injustice! was swallowed up by so-called Indian claims under powers of attorney, which the poor deluded Indian signed unknowing what he was doing. And of the $100,000,000 which probably have been granted to the Indians in our territory, they have not actually received more than $15,000,000; the rest they have been basely and infamously cheated out of, and the highest and richest in the land have not scrupled to be confederates in this vast scheme of plunder."

Gen. Houston further gave it as his conviction, that no war ever had broken out between the whites and Indians where the whites were not the first aggressors.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—The following extract from the first Inaugural of President Washington, is worthy of publication at this time, when many politicians seem disposed to depart from original principles. Congratulating himself upon the assurance derived from the composition of the two Houses of Congress, that "the foundations of our national policy would be laid in the pure and immutable principles of *private* morality,"—mark that, "Young America," "*private*" morality—he gave utterance to the following sentiments:

"There is no truth more thoroughly established than that there exists in the economy and course of nature *an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness; between duty and advantage; between the genuine maxims of an honest and magnanimous policy and the solid rewards of prosperity and plenty*; and hence we ought to be no less persuaded that *the propitious smiles of Heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which Heaven itself has ordained.*"

SOCIAL REFORM.—A Rev. Mr. Cummings, lecturing upon this subject, and referring to Protestantism, recently said:—

The institutions of the country are good; they must be preserved. Abuses have crept in; they must be reformed. Difficulties are ahead; they must be overcome. Where is the source from which the country must drink in this inward life, health, and strength? Ladies and Gentlemen, it is the Catholic Church—the Catholic Church alone.

Judging from the condition of the social structure in Italy, and other portions of Europe, where the Catholic Church has had its own way for centuries, we fear that if we depend upon that source for "inward life, health and strength," we shall be in the condition of those who have left the life-giving fountain, and hewn out for themselves "broken cisterns that can hold no water." By the way, how do our Catholic friends answer the arguments used by Protestants, based upon the ignorance, poverty and superstition which prevail in Catholic as contrasted with Protestant Europe?

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.—The Committee appointed by the great Reform meeting in New York, report that the Legislature seem disposed to make common cause with the Aldermen.—Doubtless the same corrupt practices which prevail in the city government, are not unknown in the management of the affairs of the State. We would hint to our New York friends, however, that any mere legislative changes will avail them little. What they want is honest and capable men in office, in the place of the corrupt and illiterate rowdies whom they are in the habit of elevating to stations of high trust and responsibility. Many a man is made an Alderman in New York, or sent to the Legislature, whose qualifications should scarcely entitle him to the office of constable. But we have little hope of any change for the better. We fear that New York always will continue to be the "great commercial" boil of the American Union.

THE ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.—We have had several solutions sent to us, but fractions are used in all of them, which is said not to be admissible. Here is one of them from West Farms, N. Y.:—

67 3-10
29
3 [illegible]
——
100

APPOINTMENT.—Leonard Myers, Esq., Attorney at Law, of this city, has been appointed by Governor Wright, of Indiana, Commissioner for that State.

THE SENATE.—The Senate has been engaged in confirming, without exception, all the appointments that President Pierce has furnished it with. Speeches also have been made by Senators Clayton, Douglass, Mason and Everett upon the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and Central American affairs generally—the arguments of Messrs. Clayton and Douglass consisting principally of re-statements of positions already alluded to in our columns. In relation to the ground taken by Mr. Douglass in the extract quoted in our editorial columns last week, Mr. Clayton said:—

If he understood the Senator from Illinois, he (Mr. Douglass,) considered that treaties will not fetter or confine the limits of this great Republic. He did not know precisely the extent to which the Senator meant to be understood, but the language seemed to imply that our limits are not to be circumscribed by treaties, and that we are to disregard treaties, while the young giant of America is to rise superior to all things beside. With regard to the treaty with Mexico, the Senator said the day was coming when we shall be obliged to abandon it, as our limits are not to be fettered. He (Mr. Clayton) regretted to hear such a statement from any Senator, because the Senate are the constitutional advisers of the President, and a branch of the treaty-making power.

Mr. Douglass explained, and said you may make as many treaties as you please, and yet you cannot check our steady, regular growth and expansion. Therefore, it was useless to make treaties with the view to fix our limits.

Mr. Clayton resumed—"The idea is, we are incapable of regarding treaty stipulations—we must grow."

Mr. Douglass, interposing, said—"The idea is, some men are incapable of comprehending the growth of this nation. A few years ago it was an opinion that we could not extend beyond the Alleghanies, and then the Mississippi. But the growth had reached the Pacific, and must still go on. It was unwise to pledge ourselves to what our interest does not require."

Mr. Clayton resumed—With the Senator's explanation, he asked whether the case was made any better. He says that some men cannot comprehend the great growth of this country. He did not know whether the Senator meant that kind of growth which has given to us a country greater than Rome in its palmiest days—greater, perhaps, than is enjoyed by any civilized nation of the globe; and yet we are told we are not to obey our own solemn pledges of honor. It is nothing but the declaration of the Senator—let him explain as he can—that we are incapable of controlling our impulses and passions. The solemn pledge of honor binds a man at all times, and the solemn pledge of a nation binds it. Are we to sit here as the constitutional advisers of the President, and as honorable men maintain that treaties cannot restrain us, after we bind ourselves to remain within certain limits? If such a principle should be established, what nation would consider itself under obligation to maintain treaties with us? If any nation, above all others, owe anything to the faith of treaties, it is this. We owe our existence to the French treaty of 1788, which gave confidence and an earnest of success to our revolutionary sires. Our destiny, from that moment, became fixed. And now, when we have become strong, shall we disregard treaties? He trusted no idea of the growth of this country would ever induce any American statesman to abandon the principle, without which we would become "a byword and hissing" throughout the globe. If we gain territory, let us do so honorably. As to the treaty with Mexico, the Senator says he opposed it, for the reason that he was adverse to the clause which fixed the limits; and, that the time will come when Mexico will become indispensable to our progress and happiness. But Mr. Calhoun, in thrilling tones, said the conviction was carried to nine-tenths of the American people, that Mexico is forbidden fruit. When we annex the eight or nine millions of Mexico to this country, then the days of our Republic will be numbered. The people of that country are educated in the belief that the greatest curse that could befal man is slavery; and when we give them the privilege of electing Senators and Representatives in Congress, and trust them to make peace and war for us, we have no guarantee that this privilege will not be abused, for history shows that they are incapable of self-government. He was for this and other reasons, opposed to annexation. His idea was to build them up as a Republic, and give them all the aid and encouragement we can to follow our example in the cultivation of the arts of peace, that they may attain to that degree of progress which we enjoy in the science of self-government. He would not overrun and overthrow them. Are we crowded? Have we got more population than can till the earth? We have a hundred millions of acres of land on which the white man has never trod. If, in the lapse of time, our present area shall be covered, and men shall desire to extend the area of liberty, then he should not stay the advance of progress; but he thought the day should never come when the American statesman could make the declaration that we intend to disregard the obligations of treaties. We have always regarded treaties faithfully. The honor of the country is yet dear to us, and is more valuable to the true American than all the land which Mexico contains. There was a sentence in the Inaugural of the President which met his unqualified approbation. The language was "that his administration should leave no blot on the country's record; and that there should be no act of his which could not challenge investigation before the civilized world." Let [illegible] which he (Mr. Clayton) heard on the 4th of March with so much gratification; and if he adheres to it, he will disarm opposition, and meet everywhere with warm friends.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.—The following notice of this work we take from the last number of Godey's Lady's Book—edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale:—

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON. *A Tale of Expiation and Redemption.* By Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Discarded Daughter," etc. We would not do justice to our own feelings did we hesitate to confess how thoroughly, how deeply they were interested during the perusal of these volumes. The characters are all drawn with the greatest skill, and with all the truthfulness of nature. But that of the humble, the bashful, and uncomplaining Catharine, strange as it may appear, *is the most exalted, the most commanding, and, we might say, the most enchanting that we have seen drawn in a book of fiction for many a day.* We do not think our readers will find fault with us for commending this work to their attention. We have the profoundest respect for truth in all things. But, although we have had many days of experience in this world, we do not see how such a fiction as this, if indeed it be all fiction, can do injury to pure womanhood, or to the honest manhood of any heart.

Our readers will be pleased to hear in this connection, that Mrs. Southworth's "Virginia and Magdalene" has reached a second, and her "Discarded Daughter," a *third* edition. We shall be surprised if the success of "The Curse of Clifton" (in book form) is not even more decided than that of Mrs. Southworth's previous works. And we would advise our thousands of new subscribers to purchase it, and judge for themselves whether it be a work of genius or not.

WELL SAID.—The Savannah Daily Courier, commenting upon the proportion of soldiers to population in the leading countries of the world—in Russia 1 to 83; in Austria 1 to 87; in France 1 to 90; in Britain, taking in India, 1 to 430—leaving out India, about 1 to 60; Prussia 1 to 75; the United States 1 to 3,000, says:—

According to the figures, the Yankees take care of themselves as well as any people in the world. It might also be doubted if 1 guardian to 30,000,000 would not do as well as 1 to 3,000. How charming it would be to have all the nation's military glory descend upon one soldier! The people would keep him constantly marching from California and back again, over the Alleghanies, up the Mississippi and along the Potomac, just to look at him.

SANTA ANNA.—For the sixth time this wily intriguer is to be restored to the management of affairs in Mexico. Nearly all of the States that have voted, have declared for Santa Anna. He is said by a French traveller, we know not how truly, to manifest the greatest animosity towards the United States. Well, probably he is the ablest Mexican living; and probably his vices are those which are considered the most excusable by his countrymen. The people can better pardon ten faults which they sympathise with and understand, than one which is either above or below the grade of their temptations.

THE CHINESE JUGGLERS.—This company, whose dexterous and novel feats have attracted considerable attention of late, are now giving a series of their peculiar Entertainments, at the Musical Fund Hall. Their skill in throwing the knife is truly wonderful. And while their feats are not destitute of a rather unpleasant element of savagery, they certainly exhibit the precision and skill of which the human muscles are capable.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—The English claimant of the Apsden estate, a few days before the recent decision giving the property to the American heirs, refused to compromise for $250,000. The decision came, which cut him off from his large hopes, and he sunk under it as one who had been stricken with the pestilence. At his death, a few cents, it is said, was all his fortune.

HYPERION.—We see it stated that a British publisher has had that charming book, Longfellow's Hyperion, illustrated in splendid style, by nearly one hundred engravings, being faithful representations, taken on the spot, of the places alluded to in the romance. An American edition is shortly to be published.

AT LAST.—Mr. Forrest at length has got a verdict in his favor—one against Mr. Fuller, of the Mirror, for libel; damage to his reputation, some $250. The next suit that comes off is Mr. N. P. Willis's against Mr. Forrest, for assault and battery.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—We trust that those rather simple-minded readers, who suppose that we endorse everything that is stated in our advertising columns, will not hold us responsible this week for the "Catechism on Beauty."

New Publications.

AMARANTH BLOOMS; A Collection of Embodied Poetical Thoughts, by Mrs. S. S. Smith. These poems, some of which the readers of the Post will remember to have originally graced our columns, are the breathings of a refined and tender spirit, living, apart from the world, the dreamy secluded life of an invalid, whose hopes and affections are already half weaned from earth. One of the pieces we like best in this volume, is a versification of that sweetly solemn and inspiring interview between the risen Saviour and His sorrowing Apostles, recorded in the 24th chapter of Luke. The Ode to Spring evinces a delicate appreciation of natural beauty, and the lines To Little Viola C. are quite pretty. We think we can detect in these effusions the favorite reading of their author, by a stray note occasionally from the plaintive muse of Mrs. Hemans, or the rapt, seraphic strains of Shelley, particularly the latter. Published by J. W. Fuller & Co., Utica, N. Y.

WHITE, RED, AND BLACK. Sketches of American Society in the United States, During the Visits of their Guests. By Francis and Theresa Pulszky. In two volumes. Mr. and Mrs. Pulszky were prominent among the travelling companions of Kossuth, on his late tour through the United States. This volume, which is quite gossiping and entertaining, though not entirely free from errors, is a record of the tour. Published by Redfield, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE PRACTICAL BRASS AND IRON FOUNDER'S GUIDE. By James Larkin, Conductor of the Brass Foundry Department, in Reaney, Neafie & Co.'s Penn Works, Philadelphia. A concise treatise, with numerous practical rules, tables and receipts for gold, silver, tin, and copper founders, &c. Published by A. Hart, Philadelphia.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The April number contains the usual assortment of engravings, tales, poetry, &c.

WOMAN'S LIFE, OR THE TRIALS OF CAPRICE. By Emilie Carlen, author of "Chance and Change," &c. Published by Garrett & Co., New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

THE CAPTIVE IN PATAGONIA; OR, LIFE AMONG THE GIANTS. A personal narrative. By Benjamin Franklin Bourne. With illustrations. Published by Gould & Lincoln, Boston; and for sale by Henry C. Baird, Philadelphia.

THE MONARCHIST. A Novel. By John B. Jones, author of "Wild Western Scenes," &c. Apparently a novel of the "Times that tried men's souls," and *soles*, at Valley Forge, Trenton, &c. Published by A. Hart, Philadelphia.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF JOHN MILTON, WITH A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR. Edited by Charles Dexter Cleveland. This edition contains preliminary dissertations on each poem; notes, critical and explanatory; an index to the subjects of Paradise Lost, and a verbal index to all the poems. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia.

AGATHA'S HUSBAND. A Novel. By the author of "Olive," "The Head of the Family," "A Hero," &c. We have not read this work, but the author of it has a high reputation for talent. Her "Hero and Other Tales" was very excellent. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

THE HISTORY OF NERO. By Jacob Abbott. With engravings. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

INTERVIEWS: MEMORABLE AND USEFUL; FROM DIARY AND MEMORY REPRODUCED. By Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, New York. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

LIVES OF THE BROTHERS HUMBOLDT, ALEXANDER AND WILLIAM. Translated and Arranged from the German of Klencke and Schlesier, by Juliette Bauer. With Portraits. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

A CHILD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Charles Dickens. Volume I.—England from the Ancient Times, to the Reign of Richard the Third. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

HOME SCENES. A Family Story. By Amanda Weston. Published by L. C. Matlack, Syracuse, New York.

THE GREAT ORATIONS AND SENATORIAL SPEECHES OF DANIEL WEBSTER. Published by W. M. Hayward, Rochester, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

EULOGY ON DANIEL WEBSTER. By William H. Allen, L.L. D. This is the Eulogy which was pronounced at the invitation of our City Councils.

BEATRICE; OR, THE UNKNOWN RELATIVES. By Catherine Sinclair, author of "Modern Accomplishments," "Jane Bouverie," &c. Published by De Witt & Davenport, New York.

DESCRIPTION OF WEYER'S CAVE, Augusta County, Virginia. A place well worth the seeing by tourists, if this description may be relied upon.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART. No 3. Published by A. Montgomery, New York; and for sale by J. W. Moore, Philadelphia.

MY CONSULSHIP. By C. Edwards Lester. Two Volumes. Mr. Lester once unfortunately was appointed Consul—and never will have done telling the world about it. Published by Cornish, Lamport & Co., New York.

LIEBIG'S COMPLETE WORKS ON CHEMISTRY. By Justice Liebig, M. D., F. R. S., &c. Published by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

SPITFIRE, A NAUTICAL ROMANCE. By Capt. Chamier, author of "Ben Brace," &c. Published by Bunce & Brother, N. Y., and for sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

THE METROPOLITAN. A Monthly Catholic Magazine. Published by John Murphy, & Co., Baltimore; and for sale by Peter F. Cunningham, Phila.

ROLAND TREVOR; OR, THE PILOT OF HUMAN LIFE. Being an Autobiography of the Author. Showing how to Make and Lose a Fortune, and then to Make Another. We predict for this work considerable popularity. We have not yet found time to read it through—though we design doing so—but have dipped into it in several places, and found it almost impossible to leave off. The writer evidently is a man of talent and of much practical ability, has seen a great deal of life in almost all sections of the Union, and gives us his biography with a hearty frankness which is very captivating. Published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Phila.

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF HENRY VIII., and of his mother, Elizabeth of York. By Agnes Strickland. Published by Blanchard & Lea, Phila.

COLERIDGE'S WORKS. Vol. II. Containing "The Friend." Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y.; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

HISTORY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK. By John Romeyn Brodhead. First Period, 1609–1664. Published by Harper & Brothers, N. Y.; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

ISAAC LAQUEDEM. By Alexander Dumas. The first number of a work which is to fill, we believe, something less than fifty volumes. For sale by Callender, Phila.

THE LION'S SKIN, AND THE LOVER HUNT. Published by Redfield, N. Y.; and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.

HANDBOOK OF UNIVERSAL GEOGRAPHY; BEING A GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD. Edited by T. Carey Callicot, A. M. Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., N. Y.; and for sale by A. Hart, Phila.

PLANTATION AND FARM INSTRUCTION, REGULATION, RECORD, INVENTORY AND ACCOUNT BOOK. Published by J. W. Randolph, Richmond, Va.; and for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., and Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Phila.

REPORT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE, FOR 1852. By Dr. Kirkbride. A very interesting report.

☞ There is a man in Kentucky so much opposed to *progress*, that he will not take the newspapers of the year in which they are published. He is now about four years behind and is served every morning with papers printed in 1849. He has fallen back twelve hours each day for several years past, in his meals and other requirements.

☞ WILLIAM.—"Here's wish'n you good 'ealth, Jim, and a happy new year."

JAMES.—"Thank ye, Jim, thank ye. I had ought to be a happy cove, for I've got a wife as can thrash any man of her weight, and I've got a child of two years and a 'arf, as can eat two pounds o' beefsteak at a sittin', let alone ownin' the smallest black and tan terrier in the world."

☞ A recent ingenious writer, in "Notes and Queries," insists upon it, that the word *Yankee* is not derived from the Indian pronunciation of *English*, but from the Dutch *Jahncke* or *Johnny*—a term first applied by the American settlers to the Dutch; "and the addition of *doodle*, twin brother of *noodle*, was intended to mark more strongly the contempt and mockery of the dominant party, just as Sawney is in most of the Northern English counties, a term next door to a fool.

☞ THE CLIMAX OF FRUGALITY.—We remember an old lady who was so remarkably economical, that she had a pair of shoes made for her little girl *without soles*, for fear she would wear them out.

Clippings.

"WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

☞ Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley says:—"I was interested in watching the beautiful Mexican horses, mostly high-stepping Bravadors, that were prancing along, as conceited as any man, and twice as handsome. I have been positively assured that they teach them to raise up their fore-legs immensely high (which they almost all do,) by putting on them magnifying spectacles when young, by which means the stones on the road are made to appear like large blocks in the way, and they lift up their legs, in order to step over them, and so acquire the habit."

☞ "I hope you don't conceal anything from me, wife?" "No, my dear, nothing but your faults and imperfections."

☞ The Pharmaceutical Society of London have taken up the subject of the adulteration of American lard, and are submitting various samples to analysis.

☞ The Southern physicians, it is said, treat those who have been bitten by rattlesnakes, with alcoholic liquors. Let the sufferer drink plentifully, and the cure is said to be certain.

☞ So abundant are turtles at Key West, that every family upon the Key, for a bit, (twelve-and-a-half cents,) can dine daily upon fine turtle-soup and turtle-steaks.

☞ "My brudders, in all infliction, in all ob your trubbles, dar is one place whar you can always find sympathy." "Whar, whar?" shouted several. "In de dictionary," replied Sambo, and rolled his eyes skyward.

☞ In Mr. Kean's new rendering of Macbeth, through the means of costume and architectural decorations, his success has been remarkable. The wierd sisters are made more shadowy by the intervention of gauze. At the banquet, harpers are introduced playing in a gallery; the face of Banquo is made luminous. His second appearance takes place within a column, made transparent for the purpose. The whole arrangement was grand and picturesque.

☞ In Europe, I always had understood that American women were very pretty up to twenty, but that their bloom was soon gone. Here, on the contrary, I beheld a whole congregation of attractive countenances, and though certainly many of them had passed the prime of youth, the charm of beauty had by no means departed from their faces.—*Theresa Pulszky in New York.*

☞ A breach of marriage promise case, was tried at New Lisbon, last week, in which Miss Rosna Coulson was plaintiff, and Mr. Aaron B. Farquhar was defendant. After an absence of half an hour, the jury returned a verdict of two thousand dollars, the whole sum demanded. Husbands are husbands, now-a-days.

☞ A CAUTION TO COMPOSITORS.—H. H. Braden, a printer, of Zanesville, Ohio, died on the 22nd ult., from fever contracted by a habit of putting type in his mouth while "spacing out" lines.

☞ It is said that there is a man in Williamson county Tenn., who has so large a foot that he is compelled to pay his bootmaker for work as he does his plasterer—by the square yard. He says his dwelling house came near being blown away by a recent storm, and, indeed, would have been, but for his presence of mind in placing his foot upon it just in time to save it.

☞ Jane O'Daniel has recovered $10,000 of Vinton Z. Copen in Virginia, for refusing to make good his promise to marry her. The Boston Courier thinks this is a great deal more than the average value of husbands at the present day.

☞ Franklin Pierce is the fourteenth President. His initials (F. P.) stand for it, and his name in full counts fourteen letters. Millard Fillmore, says an exchange, will be the fifteenth President. His name in full contains fifteen letters. Who else has fifteen letters in his name?

☞ A KNOTTY POINT.—A young lady says that in a yachting match, the vessels run so many knots, that she should think that the results of the race must be all ties.

☞ NEW YORK EXTRAVAGANCE.—At one of our city hotels, a merchant doing business down town, has rooms for which he pays *four hundred and eighty dollars a week.* His family consists of five persons.—*N. Y. Paper.*

☞ MRS. AND MR. SIMPKINS.—"Ah, Mr. Simpkins, we have not chairs enough for our company;" said a gay young wife to her frugal husband. "Plenty of chairs, ducky, but a little too much company," replied Simpkins.

Miscellaneous.

JENNY LIND.—We take the following from a letter which appeared recently in the New Orleans Picayune:

The success of Madame Sontag in concert and opera, has induced Jenny Lind to determine upon again visiting the United States. The unhappiness of her domestic relations may have had some influence upon her in coming to this decision; but that she will again visit our shores, should her life be spared, is a fact beyond dispute.

I alluded above to the domestic difficulties of Jenny Lind. These, I am informed upon the most reliable authority, exist, and are still becoming of the most serious and unpleasant nature. Shortly after the honeymoon, some trifling misunderstanding occurred between her and Mr. Goldschmidt, (her husband,) which has been daily increasing until her sufferings are now too intolerable to be endured. His petty acts of selfishness, and his determination to rule her as with a rod of iron, have caused her the greatest unhappiness, and a separation has, I am distinctly informed, been agreed upon. The well known generosity of Jenny is one of the main causes of the difficulty, her husband being opposed to the giving away of anything. But then, it may be that the high temper which Jenny displays at times, has also the effect of rendering her home unhappy. Certain it is, such a state of things exists, and what I have written above you will find corroborated to the letter. In contradiction of the above, we find the following paragraph in reference to Jenny in the New York Courier and Enquirer:

"We learn directly, and from the very best authority, that the family difficulties which were recently said to have determined this distinguished artist to return to this country, do not exist in the least degree; and that there is no present prospect of our hearing her again from any cause whatever."

FREAKS OF ELECTRICITY.—The editor of the Albany Express says:—

Happening to be in the parlor of a friend a few evenings since, he favored us with the exhibition of a very pretty electrical experiment. His daughter walked briskly across the floor once or twice, and then rapidly approached an extinguished gas burner, touched it with her fingers, and instantly the escaping fluid burst into flames. It was an entirely new way of lighting the gas, and involved a great saving of matches. Any person in the room, if their shoes and boots were not wet, could produce the same effect. The sparks of electricity emitted at the instant of the contact with the metal of the burner ignited the gas.

Relative to the above, the "Albany Journal" further states:—

A correspondent says he has tried to light his Gas with his fingers and "can't come it." Whereupon he berates the press for trying to humbug the public. We only say, in reply, that *he* is the humbug, and not the press. The thing has been and can be done; nor is there any mystery about it. Children have, for years, been in the habit of amusing themselves by running across a carpeted floor, shaking their fingers, and exciting electricity, and then snapping it off upon brass knobs or upon the cheeks or noses of good natured friends. Nothing more is required to light gas burners, only the experiment has been reserved for these "latter days."

PRINCE DE JOINVILLE AND THE DAUPHIN.—The New York Times says:

We hear that the Prince de Joinville has written a letter to the publisher of Putnam's Magazine, acknowledging the receipt of the article concerning the "Bourbon among us,"—adding that he remembers meeting Rev. Eleazer Williams during his Western travels, having a very interesting conversation with him about the Indians,—but giving the *Dauphin* story a very flat denial indeed. Considering that the Prince is the sole witness cited by the Dauphinists in support of their story, his defection would seem likely to put an effectual extinguisher upon the whole case. But we understand they are preparing an elaborate and powerful article to show that the Prince is not to be believed. They are in a dilemma. If they prove this point, what becomes of the Prince's statements to Mr. Williams? If they do not prove it, his denial of having ever made those statements will be conclusive. Their case reminds us of a puzzle in our school-logic: B. says all Britons are liars. Now B. himself is a Briton; therefore B. is a liar. Therefore the Britons are *not* liars: and B. being a Briton is not a liar; and so on *ad infinitum.*

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

WATER-CURE.

A BUBBLE FROM A SUBMERGED PATIENT.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK AT THE ROUND-HILL WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

"*Suspiria e profundis.*"

Once, when the world for years had been
Sick with the foul disease of sin,
All swollen with unsightly humors,
And broken out with ugly tumors,
The Lord, the first great Hydropath,
Cured the whole world with one great bath.
A mighty "*douche*" from heaven He sent,
The sea a mighty "plunge-bath" lent,
And Earth "the treatment" underwent.

Some who have heard of Noah's ark,
Say *he* was cured by *taking bark;*
And thinking water-cure a sham,
He used his bark for curing Ham;
And that his folks, with all their duds,
Rode high and dry above the floods,
And never touched the foaming suds.
But scoffers always do exist,
And when they on their doubts insist,
The best way is —— to show your fist.
The real fact is, though they snub,
They took a "half-bath" in a *floating tub.*

This art, by Deity invented,
The great Inventor has consented
That Dr. Hall—a man of sense,
Well mingled with benevolence—
On Hampton Round-Hill should dispense
To all the suffering who go *there* to
Be healed of "ills that flesh is heir to."

Simple the modus operandi;
No need henceforth that any *man* die;
The long-sought, youth-restoring fountain
Is found at last upon this mountain.
That "*Like cures like,*" the principle,
How simple and how beautiful!
For, is your head oppressed with pain?
The cure is—*water on the brain;*
Or do sharp pains assail your breast?
The cure is—*water on the chest;*
Have you a cold from damp sheets caught?
A *dripping-sheet* is straightway brought;
Or cold from falling in a river?
Straight in the "plunge-bath" you must shiver;
Or has a blow half broke your back?
The "douche" must give another thwack.

It's "water, water, every where,"
And quarts to drink, if you can bear:
'Tis well that we are made of clay,
For common *dust* would wash away!

And then "*the pack!*"—what words can show
The aspect of that mummy row,
As down their ranks the attendant goes
To scare a fly, or blow a nose?
No tar e'er lay so snug in bunk,
Or in his narrow cell a monk,
As these folks *pack* the human *trunk.*

That great machine, the human mill,
Is henceforth turned by mountain rill;
The main-spring of the human clock,
The spring that gushes from the rock:
Old Adam's every son and daughter
Will now for ever *go by water.*

Then let the threatening Allopath
Brandish in rage his sword of lath;
We'll duck him in our coldest bath:
And we will dance around our spring,
And in its waters roses fling,
And with harmonious voice its glories sing.

JOHN HOOKER.

Round-Hill Water-Cure, Northampton,
July 6, 1852.

A MODERN TIMON.—A little incident occurred in one of the circles of Upper-Tendom, of this city, a few evenings since, which served for the time to relieve the platitudes of fashionable life, and which is perhaps as worthy of record as many events of far higher apparent importance. A young gentleman, well-known in the upper walks, determined, by way of return for the many invitations which he had received during the Winter, to give an entertainment, and issued his invitations accordingly. By means of some mysterious givings out, or rather, perhaps, through his well-known character as a *bon vivant*, it came to be understood that the fashionable hotel to which he had bidden his friends was to be the scene of one of the most sumptuous and luxurious of festivals, and, as a matter of course, the high livers with one accord determined to assemble and do ample justice to his hospitality.

The evening arrived, and with it came the party, who were received with that cordial suavity for which the hero of our story is so much distinguished, and many thanks were poured upon the visitors for their kindness in coming to enliven the tedium of his bachelor lodgings. When they were all assembled, he informed them, with some appearance of concern, that he had not succeeded in procuring the attendance of a band of music for the dance, but that he had been able to enlist the services of a violin player; and knowing that it was rather for the pleasure of seeing him than of enjoying luxuries of any kind that they had assembled, he was *sure* that they would overlook the omission. This was taken in good part, and the dance went on, apparently to the satisfaction of all.

At twelve o'clock, the party were conducted to the supper-room, where was seen a table beautifully spread with most elegant dishes, all of which were covered. Immovable, behind each chair, stood a servant, watching the eye of the master of the feast, and ready to act in concert at his signal. He arose, thanked his friends again for their attendance, which he was assured was in honor to himself, and not merely on account of his entertainment, hoped that they had enjoyed themselves so far, in spite of the defects in his arrangements, expressed a wish that what remained would be equally to their taste, and ended by declaring his conviction that their friendship for himself was so great and so sincere, that they would not even notice any little short-comings that might occur in what was to ensue. A signal to the servants followed—the dishes were uncovered—and the table was found to be bountifully spread with crackers and cheese. The consternation of those who had been saving their appetites for the terrapins, scolloped oysters, and other luxuries of an imaginary bill of fare, which they had constructed in their own minds, may be better imagined than described. Our hero was perfectly cool, and proceeded to do the honors of the table with his usual grace and elegance, and a few of the company had the good sense to relish the joke, to applaud the spirit with which it was undertaken and carried out, and to make a hearty meal of the somewhat simple provender with which the table was so amply supplied.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

HAVANA FIREMEN.—They have a curious way of managing fire in Havana, according to the correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune. What would our "Boys" say to such dilly-dallying as detailed below?

"A Spaniard who arrived at the place soon after the fire showed itself, found the firemen of the place ranged in front of the building inactive, while the flames were devouring everything in their way. He asked why they did not commence to extinguish the flames. They replied that their chief had not come, and they were awaiting his commands. In a quarter of an hour the chief appeared, and all the other authorities, military and civil, in their uniforms, as stiff as starch. Then came the reading of the muster roll. By this time the flames had gutted the building, and done other damage, while a party of French soldiers, from two men-of-war, with their engines, had put the surroundings out of danger, leaving to the noisy and much applauded Spanish chiefs and their crew, the harmless embers to extinguish."

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—A letter, dated England, December 31st, 1852, and published in the Church Register of Philadelphia, contains the following curious passage: "Such of your readers as may have studied the subject of prophecy, will perhaps recollect a curious work of Faber's, published between thirty and forty years since, and entitled the 'Sacred Calendar of Prophecy.' In this book the author described the dynasty of Napoleon as the seventh head of the secular 'beast' represented in the Apocalypse as sustaining Rome. He predicted the revival of that dynasty under a new Napoleon, who would prove the scourge of the cause of the Reformation, and would, finally, in alliance with the Papacy, meet with utter destruction. Recent events have brought to remembrance this interpretation, and a few have been struck with the fact that the numerical letters in the word LVDOVICVS, (the Christian name of the Emperor,) amount precisely to the mystical 'six hundred threescore and six.'"

GOSSIP.—Eighteen years ago, the Emperor Napoleon III., then twenty years of age, offered his hand to a beautiful English lady of noble birth, and was haughtily *refused.*

"Mademoiselle," said he, "you have thrown away a crown!"

A fantastic speech, no doubt, for a young adventurer with nothing but great hopes, a high heart, a few thousands, a great name, and exile! On the 29th January, 1853, it is said that Louis Napoleon, irritated, or at all events disappointed by the refusal of a lady who now boasts one of the highest names in England, went to Lady Blessington and told her of his rejection, but not of his fine speech, which immensely amused the world of London when it was known.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

PHILADELPHIA, March 19, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been a fair amount of business doing since our last notice, and the late foreign advices have had no material effect upon prices. Cotton is in better demand, owing to a falling off in the receipts at the South, and prices are firmer. There has been an active business doing, both among the jobbing and commission houses. Cotton Goods are held firmly, and the stocks are quite moderate. Woollens are attracting more attention, and prices have an upward tendency, owing to the high rates of the raw material. A number of mills are now only working half time, and the stocks are becoming materially reduced. Breadstuffs generally have been very quiet. Wheat is scarce, but the supply of Corn has been fully equal to the demand. In the Coal trade there is more activity, and free shipments are making from Richmond. The Iron market is inactive, but the stock is small, as most of the furnaces have contracted for all their make for some months to come. The Provision market has been very quiet, and prices have undergone no material change. In Groceries there is more doing. Coffee is in good demand at full rates, and Sugar and Molasses have been more inquired after. In Rice the transactions continue large. Cloverseed is in demand, and the receipts are taken on arrival. The stock of Wool is about exhausted, and prices are fully maintained.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have again been limited. There has been a moderate export demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 8a9,000 bbls mixed and good brands at $4,87½a4,92, and select brands at $4,[illegible] a5 per bbl, closing to-day at the lowest quotation, including 800 bbls extra at $5,25a5,50. There has been an increased demand for city consumption at $4,[illegible] 5,12½ for common and good brands; $5,25a5,[illegible] for choice lots and extra, and fancy brands at higher quotations. Rye Flour has been more inquired after, and 3a500 bbls sold at $3,87½a3,94, but mostly at the former quotations. Corn Meal dull—1,200 barrels Pennsylvania at $3 per bbl, including 200 bbls Brandywine on terms not made public.

GRAIN—The supplies of Wheat since our last notice have been exceedingly small, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 8a9,000 bushels at $1,11 per bushel, in store, for prime red, and $1,16a1,17 for prime white. Rye sells in lots on arrival at [illegible]. Corn has been dull, but at the close there is an increased demand; sales of 25a26,000 bushels Southern and Pennsylvania yellow at 59a60, closing at 60 cts; some not prime at 58a57, and white at 58c. Oats are scarce; 3,000 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 41a44c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The demand for Pork has been limited, and prices are lower; sales of 200 bbls Mess at $17a17,50, and Prime at $14a15,50 per bbl. Beef sells only in small lots for ship stores. Bacon has been exceedingly quiet, but prices are unchanged. Sales of Hams in salt and pickle at 10a10½ cts, and smoked at 11a13c; Sides in salt 8a8½, and Shoulders at 7c per lb, 4 mos. Lard is dull; sales of 10a[illegible] bbls, part at 9½c, and part on private terms, and kegs at 10¼a11c per lb. Butter ranges from 13 to 17c per lb, as in quality. In Cheese but little doing.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The activity noticed in the market for some time past continues unabated, and prices are firm for all descriptions of goods.

BARK—The demand for Quercitron Bark has been limited, and no sales have transpired. We quote No 1 at $27 per ton.

BEESWAX—Is in demand; small sales of good yellow at 27½a28c per lb, cash. The article is scarce.

CANDLES—Prices are steady, but the demand has been limited. A sale of 200 boxes Adamantine at [illegible] per lb, on time.

COAL—There is an increased demand at our quotation for shipment Eastward, and supplies are coming forward more freely. Colliers are scarce at Richmond, and meet with quick despatch.

COFFEE—There has been a good demand, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 3,000 bags Rio at 9½a10c, some inferior at 9c, and 1,200 bags Laguayra, part to go out of the market at 9½a10 cts per lb, on time.

COPPER—Has again advanced; sales of English Sheathing at 26a27c, and Yellow Metal at 24c per lb, 6 mos.

COTTON—There has been rather more activity in the market during the past week, and the receipts at the South having materially fallen off, prices have advanced ¼a½c per lb. Sales of 1,600 bales Upland at 10a11¼c, and Mobile and New Orleans at 10a[illegible] per lb, on time.

The following is a comparative statement of the imports, Stocks, &c., of the Liverpool Cotton Market from January 1 to February 25, 1853, and the corresponding period in 1852:

	All kinds.	Americ
Imports, 1853,	363,394	[illegible]
" 1852,	274,880	[illegible]
Increase,	[illegible]	[illegible]
Stocks, 1853,	602,780	[illegible]
" 1852,	339,590	[illegible]
Increase,	213,190	[illegible]
Consumption, 1853,	265,133	[illegible]
" 1852,	311,020	[illegible]
Decrease,	45,8[illegible]	

The following is a statement of the receipts of Cotton at the shipping ports since 1st Sept., to dates:

	Receipts. 1853.	1852.	Stocks. 1853.	185
New Orl'ns,	1,309,945	944,3[illegible]	397,447	[illegible]
Mobile	461,481	304,031	148,489	[illegible]
Savannah	264,443	211,2[illegible]	34,[illegible]	[illegible]
Charleston	297,[illegible]	291,3[illegible]	71,834	[illegible]
Florida	121,050	105,412	43,234	[illegible]
Texas	42,718	21,874	7,853	[illegible]
Virginia	10,460	8,611	750	[illegible]
North Carolina	11,8[illegible]	7,380	750	[illegible]
New York			68,802	[illegible]
Total	2,507,[illegible]	2,014,335	795,715	[illegible]

The receipts at all the ports, as compared with those of last season, give the following results:

Increase—New Orleans	364,015
Mobile	69,453
Savannah	52,203
Charleston	14,323
Florida	15,638
Texas	20,844
Virginia	1,849
North Carolina	4,440
Total increase this season	513,425

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been a moderate business doing, without change in prices. Sales of 100 casks Soda at 3c, some Calcined Magnesia at [illegible] cts per lb, and 17,000 lbs and some Refined Argols on private terms. Blue Vitriol has materially advanced. Arsenic is held higher.

FRUIT—There has been an arrival of foreign Fruit this week, which is not yet landed, and the sales have been confined to retail lots from store, without change in prices. Dried Apples and Peaches are dull. Small sales of the former at 4a4½c per lb, and the latter at $1a3,25 per bushel.

FEATHERS—But few offering; sales of prime Western, and lots at 45c per lb, cash.

FISH—There has been more inquiry for Mackerel and prices have slightly advanced; sales of large No 1 from store at $13,75; small $12,75a13; large No 2 $12,50a12,75; small $11; large No 3 $9, and small $8 per bbl. Prices of Codfish and Herring are unchanged. The latter are very dull.

GINSENG—Continues scarce. Sales of Crude were at 45a46c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Is in better demand. Sales of Patagonian at 26a27, and Peruvian at $4[illegible] per ton of 2,000 lbs.

HEMP—The stock of Hemp is about exhausted, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES—An import of 4,400 Laguayra has arrived and been disposed of, part at 14½c per lb to go out of the market, and part on terms kept private.

HOPS—Sell slowly at 23a24c per lb for first sort Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—Is held firmly. A sale of Caraccas at $1,05 per lb, 6 mos, and some Manilla at 80a[illegible]c.

IRON—The market has been inactive during the past week, but prices are unchanged. We quote No 1 Anthracite at $35, and No 2 at 31 per ton, 6 months. Blooms range from $75 to 80. Prices are steady for all descriptions of Manufactured Iron.

LEAD—The market is dull, and no sales have come under notice.

LEATHER—The stock of both Slaughter and Spanish Sole is about exhausted, and prices tend upward.

LUMBER—The building season has already commenced, and prices are firm for all descriptions. Supplies have commenced coming forward by canal.

MOLASSES—There has been more inquiry and prices are firmer. Sales of about 1,000 hhds Cuba, part at 21a27c, and part on private terms, and 600 bbls New Orleans at 31c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—Small sales of Soap Rosin at $2a3, Pitch $2, and Tar at $2,75 per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine has been somewhat unsettled. Sales of 3a500 bbls at 63a66c in large and small lots, now held at the latter rate.

OILS—Prices are firm for all descriptions of Fish Oils, and there is a moderate inquiry for store. A sale of Winter Lard Oil at 90c. Linseed Oil sells slowly at 69a71c.

PLASTER—There have been no arrivals, and the market is bare.

RICE—There has been a good demand, and prices are fully maintained; sales of 3a600 casks at 4½a[illegible] per lb, on time.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Cloverseed at the late advance, and about 1,800 bushels have been disposed of at $6,75a6,87½ per 64 lbs, but mostly at the former rate, including some from second hands at $7. Timothy ranges from $2,75 to 3,25 per bushel. Flaxseed is dull at $1,56a1,55.

SPICES—Prices are firm for all descriptions. A sale of Nutmegs at 95c per lb, 6 mos.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy is landing, from which free sales are making at full rates. Gin is held firmly. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 30c. Whiskey has been in fair request. Sales of 900 bbls at 23 cts, hhds at 22c, and Drudge at 21.

SUGAR—There has been a moderate inquiry, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of 800 hhds Cuba and New Orleans at 4¼a5c, and some Porto Rico at $5,50a6, on time.

TALLOW—But little coming in; sales of Rendered at 9½a10 per lb.

TEAS—There is more inquiry, particularly for the West, and prices are firm for all descriptions.

TOBACCO—There is a fair inquiry for Manufactured, but Leaf sells only in a small way at former rates.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL—There has been a fair inquiry, and prices are fully maintained. The stock is exceedingly light; sales of 60,000 lbs at 40 to 65 per lb, cash and 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are lower, and there has been more doing. Considerable engagements have been made for Flour at [illegible] per barrel; we quote Grain at 9a10d per bushel. Colliers are in steady demand at $1,75a1,87½ per ton to Boston; $1,35 to Rhode Island, and $1,10 to New York.—*Inquirer.*

☞ Prose, is words in their best order; Poetry, the best words in their best order.—*Coleridge.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1853.

General News.

EUROPEAN NEWS.—The news is rather more important than usual.

ENGLAND.—Lord Palmerston stated in Parliament that no application had yet been made for the expulsion of foreign refugees from England, and that had such been made it would have met with a firm, decided refusal.

Lord Dudley Stuart called the attention of Parliament to Turkish affairs, whereupon Lord John Russel replied that the Government had thought it necessary to have a frank explanation with Austria, and at the same time express the views of England as to maintaining the independence of Turkey. He said he had no doubt the difficulties at present existing would be adjusted by negociation.

Manchester firms, employing 5,000 looms, have determined on working but a short time, in consequence of unremunerative prices.

Mazzini has published a letter, taking the responsibility of the London Committee's manifesto, and states that the address to the Hungarians in Italy was written by Kossuth, at his request, during Kossuth's sojourn at Kutaya, and never afterwards retracted. Kossuth has addressed a letter to Captain Mayne Reid, saying that his proclamation was garbled, and that Mazzini and himself are still warm friends.

The Duchess of Sutherland has placed Stafford House at the disposition of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, to give her receptions to her English admirers, the Earls of Shaftesbury, Carlisle, &c., will meet her at Liverpool, and an address, with 30,000 women's signatures, will arrive by the next steamship.

The Government has refused to charter the London, Liverpool and American Steamship Company.

Dates from the Cape of Good Hope to the 24th of January confirm the previous accounts of a great battle between the British troops and the Kaffirs, 600 of whom were killed. The British lost 40 men.

A ship had arrived from Melbourne, Australia, with nearly £1,000,000. Melbourne dates have been received to the 6th of December.—The receipts of gold had fallen off. Provisions were declining. Crews were easily obtained.

FRANCE.—The Pope was daily expected to arrive at Paris to perform the ceremony of crowning Napoleon III.

The Emperor says that the imperial manufactories of France shall be worthily represented in the New York Exhibition.

An unsuccessful attempt was made to fire the Toulon arsenal recently.

AUSTRIA.—The man who attempted to kill the Emperor of Austria was executed at Vienna. The Emperor has not yet recovered from his wound, which proves more serious than at first expected.

A mob at Vienna is reported to have broken the windows of the British Ambassador.

The citizens of Vienna refuse all intercourse with Englishmen in consequence of England having sheltered Mazzini and Kossuth.

There is an unusual commotion in Hungary, and many arrests have been made. More arrests had also been made at Milan. All the church bells are mute and guarded so that they may not be touched.

POLAND.—The Austrian *Lloyd* says that in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs, Russia is taking great precautions to prevent an outbreak in Poland.

TURKEY.—The *Constitutionel* states that the Mission sent by Russia to Constantinople is to demand 9,000,000 rubles due Russia for her intervention in 1840, and to insist upon a settlement of the Holy Sepulchre affair.

The Montenegro war is ended.

It is reported that the Porte makes demands of Austria, and it is not true that Turkey throws herself on the protection of France and England.

It is generally believed that Austria had moderated her demands.

It is understood that a Diplomatic Congress will assemble at Paris, in May, to adjust the difficulties between Austria and Turkey.

THE MARKETS.—*Liverpool, March 4th.*—The Cotton market has been dull. During the last two days, however, the demand has been better, and prices have nearly regained their last week's point. Lower grades of Cotton are from 1-16 to ⅛ lower. Other qualities are unchanged.

Pork rather dull. M'Henry quotes prime mess at 80s a87s.6d. Bacon in fair demand. Receipts trifling. Eastern, 54a56s.

Wheat has met with a fair consumptive demand, but at a farther abatement of 1a2d. Flour continues dull at 6a9d. decline. In corn afloat there is nothing doing, while on the spot retail parcels only are sold. White is 1s6s. lower, and yellow 6d.a1s.

Extensive transactions have taken place in tobacco. The sales for the last month were 1,800 hhds.

Lard is depressed. Cheese has advanced. Bacon is in steady demand, and the market is firm. Lead sustains its former price. Tin has further advanced. Wool is advancing. Coffee is in speculative demand, and prices are firmer.

THE GARDINER CASE.—In this case, now on trial, Mr. May, in opening for the United States, said:—

It was, he said, the boldest, largest, and most successful scheme of fraud ever perpetrated against the Government. The dignity and respectability of the United States, in the eyes of the world, were at stake in the issue. He gave a succinct history of the case, and then stated what the prosecution expected to prove. Dr. Gardiner, in his memorial to the Board of Commissioners, stated, that early in the year 1844, he was largely engaged in mining operations, in the State of San Luis Potosi, Mexico; and employed 500 laborers, and had upwards of $300,000 invested in buildings, steam engines, horses, mules, and men of science. That in 1846, he was compelled to abandon the establishment, his property, having been despoiled by Mexican soldiery. That said mines were worth half a million dollars, and would have yielded him $50,000 per annum.

The accused filed, along with this memorial, depositions purporting to be from persons residing in Mexico, going to show that he owned said mine. The issue was in the truth or falsity of these assertions. The United States affirmed and expected to prove that every statement in the memorial, and every paper presented by him was false, from beginning to end, pure fiction and invention; that Gardiner received from the United States, as fruits of the fraud, $428,750. The Government also expected to show that the mine was so vaguely located, that it could not be found by the Commissioners, although they offered $500 reward for it; that persons whose names were furnished as evidence of the title could not be found in Mexico; that every one of the depositions were made in Washington; that the title was manufactured here; that Dr. Gardiner was a poor dentist, and never could have worked such a mine as he described; that he was practising dentistry and peddling small wares on the Pacific coast, hundreds or thousands of miles distant instead; that the mine, the title, the seals and signatures of public officers in Mexico were all fraud.

THE AMERICAN AMAZON EXPLORING EXPEDITION.—The Panama papers contain late intelligence from Peru:—

We learn from Captain Thomas, says the Panama Echo, who arrived in the Nueva Granada, that the day before the steamer sailed an express arrived over land from the American exploring expedition on the Amazon; that the explorers had reached a point on the river, in nearly a direct line, some three hundred miles distant, but by the circuitous route which the express was compelled to take, it was about 375 miles distant. *There they had found a magnificent and most productive country, with resources beyond previous conception.* Cotton sheeting stood at 50c. per yard; coffee and indigo at 2c., and all other products at proportionate prices; cutlery, especially, being very high. The imports are fully equal in their rates to the exports. It seems, by the statements of Captain T. and others, that the Yankee steamer will secure the bonus of $10,000, and the entrance of the said ports.

A NATIONAL HIGHWAY TO THE PACIFIC.—Col. Benton has addressed a letter to the people of Missouri, on the subject of a National Highway from the Mississippi River to the Pacific. He is in favor of the central route, and of reserving a tract a mile wide for rail macadamized, and a plain old English road, and two margins one hundred feet wide, for independent and rival telegraphic lines; the United States to build the road, and let out the use of it, for terms of seven or ten years, to the lowest bidder. The plan is similar to that proposed a few years ago by Col. Benton, in the United States Senate, and is probably the best of the schemes yet presented for land communication with the Pacific possessions, if all are not yet premature. Congress has gone the right way to work in ordering explorations and surveys as a proper preparatory step. The engineers are organized in as many distinct corps as there are routes to be surveyed, and their reports shall be laid before Congress on or before the 1st Monday in February, 1854.

RENTING PIANOS.—Few are aware to what extent the renting of pianos is carried in some cities. In and around Boston, several thousands are annually hired out. The Mail says that Ditson alone rents some five hundred pianos, and pianoforte makers would as lief rent as sell—for the profits are elegant. A piano can be bought for $150 to $300, and will rent for $25 or $50 a year! It pays well. Opera Glasses are the next luxury offered the million on hire. We may look for the time when boots and breeches, roast turkey and trimmings, will be hired out for special occasions. Plenty of room yet for improvement.

PARTY ZEAL IN A SURGEON.—A curious instance of the height of party zeal in England during elections, is reported in the English papers. A zealous party man who got his head cut in a row, went to a medical man of the opposite party for assistance, who sewed up the wound. When the man departed, the physician turned round and said—

"It was not necessary to sew up that wound; a bit of adhesive plaster would do as well; but we must make these fellows feel a bit."

POLITICAL NEWS.

DIVISION OF THE SCHOOL FUND IN OHIO.—Considerable excitement exists in Cincinnati in regard to the pending municipal election. The Roman Catholics are taking active steps to secure a division of the school fund, and politics, accordingly, appear to be, in a great measure, lost sight of.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Senate decided, by 16 to 15 against amending the law, prescribing an uniform gauge for all the railroads in the State. A motion to reconsider was afterwards carried.

NEW TREATY.—The Senate, in Executive session, ratified the treaty negociated by Mr. Everett and Mr. Crampton, for a speedy indemnification of American claims against the English Government, and of English claims against the American Government, particularly covering the claims arising out of false seizures under the slave trade treaty and under Custom House regulations.

OHIO.—The bill establishing a Sub-Treasury was passed, and the bill providing for the payment of taxes in specie, was rejected.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, has been defeated for the Convention by Charles Sumner, in the Marshfield District. Webster 55 votes; Sumner 159.

Greene, of the Boston Post, has been appointed Naval Officer, at Boston, at $5,000 a year.

NEWS ITEMS.—William M. Gouge, the well known and able writer on banks and paper money, has been appointed a clerk in the Treasury Department.

THE AUSTRALIAN EMIGRATION AT NEW YORK.—There are now twelve vessels in New York up for passengers and cargoes bound to Melbourne and Port Philip.

Quite an animated discussion is being carried on in Flushing, New York, between the Roman Catholic Priest and the Directors of the Public Schools, in consequence of objections being made by the Priest, to the use of the Lord's Prayer in said schools.

The Maryland House of Delegates have passed a bill for the right of way of the Eastern Shore or New York Straight Line Railroad; and also the bill authorizing the Philadelphia Railroad Company to build a bridge over the Susquehanna River at or near Havre de Grace.

Washington Irving has been occupying himself during a part of his visit with Mr. Kennedy, of the Navy, in Washington, with researches in the public offices, for his "Personal Memoirs" of the Father of his Country.

It appears that the banking capital of Virginia is a fraction above $10,000,000. That of Massachusetts, with a white population of about the same with Virginia, is $43,000,000.

A WINDFALL.—The notorious pickpocket, Bob Sutton, who is now in Auburn State Prison, has fallen heir to property in England, by the death of a brother, to the value of $90,000. Sutton is over sixty years of age, and having been sentenced to prison for a term of years, it is very doubtful whether he will live to enjoy this unexpected freak of fortune.

A DEEP WELL.—Messrs. Belcher & Brothers, sugar refiners, St. Louis, Missouri, have recently completed, at their works, an artesian well, fifteen hundred and nine feet in depth. At this point, water was obtained which rose to the surface, but it was offensive though clean.

HOTEL LIABILITY.—A petition, said to be signed by all the hotel keepers of our city, has been sent up to Albany, asking that a reasonable limit may be fixed by law to the liability of hotels, for care of articles belonging to their guests.

WHEAT IN OHIO.—According to official returns, Ohio has averaged 30,000,000 bushels of wheat for the last three years, of which 16,000,000 are a surplus, after feeding all its own inhabitants.

THE PEACH CROP.—The Hightstown Record says, one of our most extensive peach growers informs us, that there is every reason to believe that the crop this year will be a very large one.

Bishop Doane, of N. J., a correspondent of the Church Journal says, is about to pay a visit to England.

Over one hundred sewing machines are employed constantly in Lynn, binding shoes for that place alone.

BANK CAPITAL IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The quantity of additional bank capital petitioned for in Massachusetts, amounts to between 17,000,000 and 18,000,000.

A flour dealer in Boston, has recently sued the Vermont and Ogdensburg Railroads, laying his damages at $20,000, for detention of freight last fall, at the Ogdensburg depot, by which he sold his flour at a less price than he anticipated.

The Grand Jury of Penobscot County, Maine, have found a bill of indictment against the city of Bangor as a common seller, by its agent, of ardent spirits.

In Ohio, the Cleveland and Columbus road has been required, on legal decision, to pay $6,000 to a brakeman who had his hand crushed by a collision. The Court charged that the Company are responsible for all injuries, even to an employee, where the accident is the result of carelessness, on the part of others, to whom the injured party is subordinate.

There is not an old book-shop or book-stall in London, says the Athenæum, where the Americans are not reported to be the best customers.

BRIDGE OVER THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—The Rock Island (Illinois) Advertiser states that the contract for building the railroad bridge across the Mississippi River, between Davenport, Iowa, and the city of Rock Island, was to be let on the 17th inst.

The Councils of the borough of West Chester have resolved to subscribe, on behalf of the borough, $20,000 to the stock of the West Chester and Philadelphia Railroad Company.

AHEAD OF ERICSSON.—Andrew Jackson Davis, the Poughkeepsie Seer, has discovered that all sorts of machinery, locomotives, engines, &c., &c., can be driven by the power of the human will. He prints his paper—the Universal Hum—by just looking into the office and nodding at the press. This is ahead of Hoe, and beats Ericsson all hollow.

It seems that something like the liquor law of Maine exists in a portion of Africa, and has caused a rebellion among the Western tribes.

THE RIGHT TO HISS.—An officer put a man out of a theatre in New Orleans for stamping his feet and hissing. He received a blow while removing the offender, and prosecuted him for the assault. The Court decided that hissing and stamping was allowable in the theatres, and a part of a privilege for which the fee of admission was paid.

Mr. G. P. Putnam has addressed a communication to the National Intelligencer, in favor of an international copyright law. He states that nineteen out of every twenty of the publishers in the United States are in favor of it. Doubtful.

The Panama Star says that the largest pearl in the world is in the possession of Victor Plise, Esq., of Panama. The pearl is much the shape of an egg, without a single flaw in its entire formation; in color it is what judges consider perfection, and it weighs 156 grains. It is valued at $5,000.

The Hon. John Dickey died of apoplexy recently, at his residence in Beaver, Pa. Formerly he was a member of Congress from the Washington and Beaver Districts, and at the time of his death was U. S. Marshal for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

A report has been made to the Ohio Legislature, showing that the nett revenue derived from the public works of that State, during the year 1851, was $548,168 90; and in the following year, 1852, but $188,229 17.

MONUMENT TO CALHOUN.—A strong association has been formed in Charleston, South Carolina, for the purpose of erecting a monument to John C. Calhoun. It is composed of committees from the military and fire companies of the city.

The United States, with more shipping than any other nation in the world, has the smallest navy to protect their marine.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

If the country had sustained from 1815 to the present day a navy as great as that of Great Britain, what proportion would the aggregate cost of the establishment bear to the whole value of our foreign commerce during the same time?

ON THE TRACK.—On Monday last, between Elkton and Wilmington, a man sat down on the railroad track, and as the train of cars approached, placed his thumb on his nose, and gyrated his fingers at the locomotive. The whistle was blown, the brakes put down, and the driving wheels reversed, but there he defiantly sat. The conductor and a brakeman jumped off, and ran ahead, sat him quietly in the mud in the side ditch, and the train moved on. He was drunk, of course.

The sum of $8,000 has been paid by Mr. J. Jewell, of Boston, for the celebrated trotting horse named Mac.

The spiritual rapping bank case, in Chicago, in which Seth Paine, the owner, loaned money and redeemed bank bills, through mediums employed, and a Board of Directors, has been on trial to determine whether Paine was insane or not. The jury decided that he had been partially insane, but was now capable of managing his property.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF FIRE.—The Boston Atlas gives an account of a dwelling-house that was repeatedly set on fire, without any perceptible cause, and which narrowly escaped destruction. It was finally ascertained to be the effect of the sun's rays, reflected from the mirror of a shaving stand, which was slightly convex.

A gentleman who left Matanzas on the 4th, says that Vice President King was then getting worse, and will probably never be able to leave Matanzas. It is stated that he had expressed a determination to return to the United States in April.

CURIOUS FINE ENGRAVING.—On the 625th part of an inch, a space much less than half the size of a small pin head, is distinctly engraved the following inscription:

Lowell & Senter,
Watchmakers,
64 Exchange Street,
Portland
Written by Froment, at Paris,
1852.

It is equal to 46,875 letters in a circle of an inch in diameter.

The most powerful magnifying glass reveals only a few apparent scratches, but with a microscope of great power, the inscription can be plainly read. It is in the possession of Mr. Lloyd Glover, Engraver, and may be seen for a few weeks at his office, (Danforth, Ball & Co., Bank Note Engravers) 228 Washington Street.—*Boston Transcript.*

RETURNED TO SLAVERY.—The Wheeling Times states that Lewis, a colored man belonging to H. M. Jamison, Esq., of that city, who had run away a short time ago, voluntarily returned, recently, perfectly disgusted with the condition of the free negroes in Pittsburg, Pa., where he had been stopping.

MONUMENT IN INDEPENDENCE SQUARE.—Both branches of the New Jersey Legislature passed the Bill, pledging the State to do her part towards the erection of the proposed monument in Independence Square. The vote was unanimous, and the bill was promptly signed by the Governor.

OUTRAGE EXTRAORDINARY.—The La Grange, (Mo.) Missourian of the 3rd, relates an outrage committed at Chambersburg, Mo., Feb. 13th, at a quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church. A man named Trabue entered the church and laid hands upon the Rev. C. H. Kelley, saying, "You are my prisoner, cross your hands," when Dennis, the presiding elder, took Trabue by the arm, asking "What he meant by such conduct in the house of God?" At this Trabue ordered his assistants to "Tie this man," (meaning Kelley) and cried out "I'm the Marshal of the State of Missouri;" at the same time pointing one of Colt's revolvers with the trigger sprung, he threatened to shoot any one who raised a hand to interfere, saying that the prisoner was a base rascal, imposing himself upon the community.

He was taken out of the house, placed upon a horse and secured by a chain passed under the horse and fastened on each foot with a heavy padlock. Mr. Dennis followed on foot, and learned that Kelley was charged with being one of the convicts who escaped from the Iowa Penitentiary on the 23rd of last December. The pretended Marshal and his assistants proceeded as rapidly as possible to Fort Madison, Iowa, where the penitentiary is located, and presented their victim to the keeper. He at once declared that he was not the man sought for—one Charles H. Kelly, who had escaped from the penitentiary—and that he bore no resemblance to him. He was of course discharged.

VACUUM SUGAR PANS.—J. Walker, of Wolverhampton, England, has taken out a patent for a new sugar pan. The improvement consists in introducing into the body of the vacuum pan a series of vertical tubes, through which steam is admitted to facilitate the operations of evaporation and crystallization. The tubes are inclosed within a cylindrical casing; between the sides of the pan a vacant space is left. This arrangement causes an upward current of the solution in the pan, at the centre of the series of tubes, whilst a gentle descending current is produced between the cylinder and the pan, by which compound motion the contents in the pan are prevented from burning.

CALIFORNIA GOLD.—Private letters from California, the New York Tribune says, speak of the yield of gold as very large, and predict that the shipments in March will be six and a half to seven millions of dollars. One very remarkable and important feature we hear of from several sources by this arrival. The beds of streams, which were worked out and entirely abandoned during the first year or two after the discovery of gold in that country, are now being worked over again with equal, and in many cases, greater success than originally.

ANOTHER BRIDGE OVER THE OHIO.—We learn, from a communication which appears in the Pittsburg Gazette, that there is a charter for a bridge over the Ohio river, at Moundsville or Grave Creek, 12 miles below Wheeling, and at the point where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad strikes the river. It is stated that the parties interested are making great exertions to obtain the requisite funds for building it, and an application has been made to the Virginia Legislature for the passage of a bill, authorizing counties and other corporations to subscribe to the stock.

WHY THEY DID IT.—The Angelica Republican, alluding to the conviction of Allen and Palmer, in Alleghany County, New York, for placing obstructions on the Erie road says:—The facts elicited by the evidence showed conclusively that there was no animosity existing on the part of the individuals against the company, but that it was a preconcerted plan to throw the express from the track, for the horrible purpose of robbing the passengers in the general melee.

THE NEW YORK BRIBERY CASE.—It is alleged that railroads in four of the avenues were obtained from the Common Council by bribes amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, and that those members who voted for the Broadway Railroad are to receive $20,000 each in its stock, in addition to what they have already received. The Sunday Atlas mentions one member who was $5,000 worse off than nothing when elected, but in one year has become rich by selling his votes.

A BEAR SHOT WITH A CANDLE.—A few days ago a large bear, owned by Mr. Privat, who resides on the Peninsula, opposite Toronto, (Canada,) was shot in rather a novel manner—a common candle having been put in place of a ball into the gun. The candle entered immediately behind the ear, and almost instantly deprived the animal of life. It was very fat, and was about four years old.

A VETERAN THIEF.—A colored woman, named Elizabeth Wilson, is before the New York Courts, charged with a complicity of robberies. *One hundred and ninety-one* indictments have been preferred against her, and should she be convicted on each count to the extent of the law, she could be sentenced to the State Prison for nearly one thousand years.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Ohio arrived at New York, on the 18th. She brought the mails, 450 passengers, and $2,446,875 in gold.

☞ Why is Lord Palmerston like the measles? Because nearly every English administration has him once.

Local News.

THE FEDERAL STREET TRAGEDY.

Examination and Committal of Arthur Spring—Startling and Horrible Disclosures—Attempt of Spring to Charge the Two-Fold Homicide upon his Son.

The following is a report of the preliminary examination of Arthur Spring, charged with the fiendish murders recorded in our columns last week. The Grand Jury have found a true bill against him, and his trial commenced last Monday morning.

The preliminary examination took place before Alderman Isard, in the General Jail Delivery Court Room, recently fitted up at the Moyamensing Prison. Ex-Judge Doran appeared as counsel for the prisoner, the elder Spring. Aaron Thompson, Esq., a young member of the bar, acted as counsel for the younger Spring, a youth 17 years of age, the son of the accused.

The witnesses examined were Bartholomew M. Lynch, the husband of Ellen Lynch; Patrick McGuire, the keeper of the Ocean Tavern, corner of Schuylkill Front and Market streets, where Spring and his son boarded. His wife and a little girl living with them; George Eiseman, a lad in the clothing store of Eiseman & Brother, No. 160 West Market street; John Magee, of the Marshal's police; and Arthur Spring, Jr., son of the prisoner.

The testimony elicited disclosed the whole story of the awful and fiendish crime. The tale of blood is briefly this: Spring having become acquainted with Mrs. Shaw, one of the victims, at the house of a Mrs. Harrington, in Hallowell street, Southwark, continued to visit her at Carroll's in Federal street, where she had gone to remain with her sister, Mrs. Lynch, during her confinement. He had once met with and been introduced to Mrs. Lynch's husband at Mrs. Harrington's, and renewed his acquaintance with Mr. L. when he came to Carroll's. The fact that Lynch had money was a subject of notoriety in the neighborhood, and Spring obtained the knowledge of it by his visits to Carroll's to see Mrs. Shaw.

On the evening of the murder, Spring went up to his room, at McGuire's, and pretended to go to bed. His son was in the room, and saw him apparently undressing. Young Spring afterwards came down stairs, and was sent by a daughter of the family on an errand. Soon after this, the small girl at McGuire's had occasion to go into Spring's room, and at that time he was not there; neither was the bed tumbled.

There is a back stairway leading from the room of Spring into the yard, and a rear entrance by which a lodger can get in without being seen by any one in the front part of the house. Between ten and eleven o'clock on the night of the murder, the son met his father coming in the back way. He had his shoes in his hands. They went up stairs together in the dark. The father was excited and agitated. He asked for water which the son brought him, and he washed blood off the wristbands of his shirt. He also gave his son three twenty and one ten-dollar gold pieces, which he subsequently took away from him.

Young Spring asked him where he got the money from. He told his son, in confidence, that he had robbed Lynch, and related to him how he had shed blood the better to accomplish the purpose. The son remonstrated with him for his cruelty in taking life under such circumstances, when he replied that Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch were two d—ud ——, and that it was no sin to kill them.

He described to the son how the bloody act was perpetrated. Knowing that Mr. and Mrs. Carroll and Mr Carroll's brother were going to the ball in Bread street, he made an engagement with Mrs. Shaw, whom he had been persuading to consent to live with him, to visit her that evening. Mrs. Shaw let him in at the front door. When he arrived there he unexpectedly found William Ryan, the nephew of the two sisters, in company with Ellen Flynn, his sweetheart, in Mrs. Lynch's room—they having called in to make a pop visit to the aunts. Mrs. Shaw hid him away in the kitchen until Ryan and Miss Flynn left. Ryan remembers as he was starting away, hearing some one in the kitchen. Mrs. Shaw let him out. She then returned to Spring.

Spring spent a short time with Mrs. Shaw, and having made himself certain that Mrs. Lynch was asleep, by sending her up into that lady's room to see, he began his brutal and murderous work upon Mrs. S., who, it seems, had shown him numerous favors and acts of kindness, and had no suspicion of his diabolical intentions. Her cries brought Mrs. Lynch out of bed, when he turned upon and despatched her. She fought him with wonderful and almost superhuman strength. While assailing her in the front room, she broke from him, and running into the back room, crouched down by a settee, under which she tried to crawl.

Thinking that he heard the watchman at the door, he paused in his hellish attack upon this weak and defenceless woman, fighting with desperation for her own life for the sake of her innocent twin babes, and pulling off his shoes, went into the entry to listen. Satisfying himself that he was in no danger of detection from the street, he dragged Mrs. Lynch from her hiding place into the front room again, and here finished the atrocious job. A large mark of blood on the wall by the settee in the kitchen, probably came from Mrs Lynch as she was endeavoring to conceal herself from the assassin. Another splash of gore on the jamb of the folding-door, was also, no doubt, done in the struggle with one or the other of the two murdered women.

The dagger with which the stabs were inflicted belonged to young Spring, who had owned it for three years. It was bought in Washington City, and given to him there by a young friend, whose name he has furnished to the District Attorney. He identifies the sheath which was found, and likewise the piece of the blade. The weapon was a very handsome one, adorned with devices of Odd Fellowship, and he wore it as an ornament. Being a keepsake, he valued it very highly.

About two weeks ago, his father took the dirk away from him, and he never saw it afterwards.—Previous to this time, his father had the dirk once before, and returned it to him. No other person ever had the dagger except one, a young man to whom he loaned it, at the place of Mr Daniel Ragan, confectioner, where he and his father worked a short time last Winter. On the return of his father to the hotel, after the commission of the murder he asked him what he had done with the knife, and said to him that he was afraid that weapon would detect him. The father told him he had broken the blade in rifling the trunk, and the handle he had thrown away in George street, where it would be safe from discovery.

On Friday morning, his father sent him to a tailor in West High street, to buy some shirts, &c., giving him a ten dollar gold piece to pay for them. He received in change a five dollar gold piece, a one dollar gold piece, and a one dollar Jersey note. The five dollar piece was given by young Spring to Mrs. McGuire for board, it being the only money she had ever received for board and lodging from either him or his father, and they had been in the house from four to six weeks. The one dollar piece and the dollar note was given to Mrs. McGuire by old Spring, in payment for a liquor bill.

A boy in the tailor's store who sold the shirts, identifies them both, one on the back of the prisoner, Spring, and the other just as it came out of the store. The latter was taken from Spring's room at McGuire's. The ten dollar gold piece has been found and recognized by the tailor's boy, by young Spring, and also by Lynch. Two dirty and ragged shirts, one of cotton and the other of flannel, which Spring pulled off on Friday morning, were discovered hid under a table in his chamber. They were rolled up, so as to conceal the bloody marks on them. The efforts to wash the gory stains out of the wristbands had been unsuccessful, and this was but too visible. A slight stain of blood was also discovered on the bed tick.

The leaden pipe bludgeon used by the murderer, is identified as a piece that was about McGuire's premises, and missed. It had been dug up in planting a sign-post. Some plumbers had left it, with several other pieces that were about the place. The splash of mud from the pipe on the folding-door, which must have been closed at the moment, clearly indicates that the blow which produced it was struck by a left-handed person. Spring is a left-handed man, and those who have known him for twenty years were always well acquainted with this fact.

Upon his son expressing the fear that, in case he had not effectually murdered Mrs. Lynch, who was so hard to kill, she might revive, recover, and inform on him, he said, "d—n her, there is no danger of that; for I choked her, and turned her over to make sure of it, and she was stiff." The neck of the corpse of Mrs. Lynch was black and blue, and her head was twisted around, so as to bring her face partially in contact with the floor.

Spring acknowledged to his son that his design was to burn the house. He said that in taking the coals out of the stove, he burnt his fingers, which the son saw were blistered. On examining Spring's fingers, yesterday afternoon, after the examination before the committing magistrate, the ends were discovered to have been badly burned and blistered, the injury being yet apparent.

The ten dollar gold piece spent at the tailor's is all that has been recovered. The rest of the money is supposed to have been concealed somewhere by the murderer.

In the course of yesterday morning, Spring, in a conference with his counsel, in his cell, accused his son of perpetrating the murder and robbery, in connection with one or two other boys in the western part of the city, as accomplices, and asserted that he had confessed the deed to him, and gave him the ten dollar gold piece. At the trial before the Alderman he insisted upon his counsel cross-examining the boy, with the view to establish this dreadful accusation. The youth, however, firmly adhered to the story he had told, which was consistent from beginning to end, and so marked by the evidences of truth that no one could for an instant doubt, or even question it.

The prisoner was fully committed to answer the charge of murder.

The demeanor of Spring at the examination was cool, indifferent and reckless to a shocking degree. A fiendish smile played about his mouth all the while. He constantly prompted his counsel as to the interrogatories he should put to the witnesses, and when they testified to anything that bore strongly against him, he fixed a look of scorn upon them, and almost laughed out in derision. Never did we witness, under similar circumstances, anything that would begin to equal, in hardihood and obduracy, the behaviour of this monster; and we hope that we may be spared, for the rest of our days, the pain of looking upon such a sight again.

The only time the blood-stained criminal started and quailed was when the new shirt and the ten dollar gold piece were produced. The sight of these agitated him, and made him tremble. It was some time before he entirely recovered his composure.

The spectacle of the son on the witness stand, accusing the father at the bar of the three-fold crime of murder, robbery and arson, and the crime of a nature almost too monstrous for human belief—the recrimination of the parent, who, to save himself from the terrible penalty of his own guilt, was exerting all the subtleties of the law to involve his flesh and blood the sole heir of his name, in a charge which, if sustained, would consign him to an ignominious death, was one that no pen could describe.

The drama of real life was full of touching points. The reality of the scene could scarcely be realized. The son exhibited the deepest feeling. He was too full, at times, to give utterance to his words, and once or twice he swooned, and had to be carried out of the room. He declared, with a burst of grief, that he would rather have died for his father than have been obliged to appear as his accuser.

The remains of the two murdered women were interred at the Cathedral Cemetery, in West Philadelphia. To prevent a curious mob, the funerals were strictly private.

One afternoon last week Lynch, in company with officer Blackburn, visited his children. The scene was truly affecting. One of the infants has been nursed by the wife of Alderman Allen, and the other by the wife of one of his next door neighbors, a Mrs. Quinn. We understand that a wealthy gentleman and his wife have proposed to adopt the twins.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 201—Adults 84 and children 117.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 22 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked		Bid.	Asked
U S 6's '56	106¼	107	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114¼	115	Kensington	68	70
" '67	120	120½	P Township	34	35
" '68	120	120½	Girard	14½	14¾
" 5s '53	100¼	—	Western	68	—
" '65	101½	—	Manf&Mechs	32½	33
July Interest off			Bk of Com	69	—
Philada 6s	103¼	104	Camden N J	56½	60
" 5s	95	—	Germantown	66	—
" 6s Gas	105	106	Trent Bk Co	39½	—
County 5s	94½	95	Pitts'bg Bk	57	—
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	57	—
" 5s	97½	98	Exchange,Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	94½	95½	Louis, Ky	110	111
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	115	115½
Cincinnati 6s	103½	—	Northern	114	114½
TexasTNotes	35	40	Union, Tenn	97	100
" bds 8s	65	70	Planters, Tenn	94	100
Schuyl N 6s	82½	83	Vicksburg	16½	16¾
" Int	53½	53¾	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	97½	99½	N O Gas Bk	125	126
" Int Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	22½	23
" Mort 6s	100¼	101	" pref'd to	31½	32
C & D C'l 6s	99½	100	Lehigh Nav	82½	83
C & Am R bds	101¼	102	C & Del Cal	149	149½
BeaMdw R 6s	90	91	Morris Cl	20½	20¾
Susquch Cl 6s	68½	69	Penna&Ohio Cl	—	20
Norrist'n R 6s	99½	100½	Union Cl	15½	15¾
Harris R 6s	99½	100½	Cam&Am R	149	150
Wil R 6s	95½	96	Penna R	50	50½
Read R 6s	92	92½	Bea Mdw R	35½	36
" Mort 6s	94½	95½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	90	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	3½	4	Susquch Cl	16	16½
N Amer Bk	150	153	Norristown R	56	57
Penna Bk	124	124½	Harrisburg R	55	56
Philadelphia	142	145	Wilmington R	37	39
Far & Mec	74½	75	Reading R	44½	44¾
Commercial	68½	—	Minehill R	75	75½
N Liberty	50½	—	N Liberty Gas	22	25
Mechanics	32½	33	N W Min Co	—	25

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 21.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $6,50 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 840 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to 7,10 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $8 to 35. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,00 to 4 00; the latter from $1,50 to 3, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 19.

ASHES—A moderate demand, with sales 40 bbls. at $4,75a4 81¼ for Pots, and $5,56¼a5 62½ for pearls.

COTTON—The market continues firm, with sales of 1 500 bales.

FLOUR, &c.—The flour market is easier with less doing. The Canada's advices have a depressing effect. Sales 5,000 bbls at $4,50a4,62½ for common to straight State and $4 62½a4,87½ for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana and common to good Ohio. Canadian flour is dull and nominal. Southern flour is dull, with sales of 900 bbls at $4,81¼a5. A moderate demand for corn meal, with sales of 450 bbls Jersey at $3,06¼a3,12½ and 50 puncheons Brandywine at $17,50.

GRAIN—The wheat market is dull and drooping, with scarcely any demand either for export or milling. Rye is steady, with sales of 600 bushels at 93½. The last sales for future delivery were made several days since. Barley continues dull. The corn market is easier. Sales of 21,000 bushels at 60a61c for damaged, 61a65c for mixed and white Southern, and 65a66c for yellow Southern and Jersey.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is a shade firmer; sales 250 bbls were made at $16 for Mess and $14,62½a14,75 for prime. Beef is in rather better demand at prices favoring the purchaser; sales 400 bbls at $9,25a10,62½ for country mess; $13a13,25 for repacked Chicago, and $5,25a6,75 for country and city prime. Small sales of Hams at $11a15 50. Bacon is lower, with sales 100,000 lbs short middles at 7½c. Lard steady; sales 300 bbls at 9¼a9½c. Butter and Cheese unchanged.

WHISKEY—Market easier; sales 300 bbls at 22¼a22½ for prison, and 21½ for Pennsylvania, and 50 bbls Drudge at 21½c.

ALMANAC.

March, 1853.		Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
26	Saturday,	5 52	6 8	3 4	
27	Sunday,	5 51	6 9	3 39	
28	Monday,	5 49	6 11	4 33	D. H. M.
29	Tuesday,	5 48	6 12	5 36	Last 2 8 35
30	Wedn'day,	5 47	6 13	6 40	New 9 3 8
31	Thursday,	5 45	6 15	7 48	First 17 6 24
1	Friday,	5 44	6 16	8 46	Full 25 1 4
2	Saturday,	5 43	6 17	9 46	Last 31 4 37

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 13	42	46	50
14	40	44	41
15	28	27	38
16	29	36	40
17	38	42	42
18	30	36	60
19	41	47	38

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Tuesday evening, the 15th of Feb. by the Rev. J. Sexsmith, ELISHA T. COWGILL, to Miss JOANNA BLAND, all of Clark county, Missouri. Papers of Louisville and Maysville, Ky., will please copy.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr JOHN WRIGHT, of Philadelphia, to RACHEL HOBSON, of Monmouth county, N. J.

At Pemberton, N. J. on the 15th inst. by the Rev. S. W. Hallowell, Mr. SAMUEL PACKER, to Miss TERESA BLACK, all of Beverly, N. J.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev George A. Durborow, ARTHUR QUIN, to Miss JANE HUMES, all of Fairmount.

In this city, on the 13th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr WILLIAM H. WELDIN, of New Castle county, Del. to Miss AMY GREGG, of Chester co. Pa.

In Kensington, on the 20th ult. by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. ELWOOD J. BROWN, of Harrisburg, to Miss MARY M. CREELY, of Kensington.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. T. Ward, Mr. WILLIAM R. HALL, to Miss CORNELIA E. DEAVES, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by Ald. W. Allen, Mr. EUGENE HAMILL, to Miss ELLEN BUTLER, both of Southwark.

On the 15th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Ald Geo. Erety, ROBERT S CALDWELL, to JANE M. daughter of the late Thomas Pancroft, of Philadelphia.

On the 15th instant, by Chauncey Webster, JAMES HILLIS, to Miss MARY LAUGHLIN, both of Southwark.

On the 20th Jan. by the Rev. W. M. D. Ryan, of St. George's Church, Mr. HENRY L. HOOD, to Miss REBECCA J. CARTER, both of Spring Garden.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. John C. Lyons, Mr. SAMUEL MOORE, of New York, to Miss SARAH RIDDLE, of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. WILLIAM T. WALKER to Miss PHEBE J. CLENDINING, of Moyamensing.

On the 11th inst. by Ald. G. Moore, Mr. CHARLES ROACH, of England, Great Britain, to Miss MARTHA A. HANDY, of Southwark, Philadelphia.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. R. M Greenbank, Mr. LEWIS LIST, to Miss ELIZABETH DUNN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 10th Jan. by the Rev. G. Owen, CHARLES PARKER, Jr. of N. Jersey, to MARY A. HUNTERSON, of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Dr Ryan, Mr. JOHN NOBLET, to Miss KATE, daughter of Matthew S. Henry, of Easton, Pa. both of Delaware City.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th inst. Dr. WILLIAM E. HORNER, aged 60 years.

On the 14th instant, MARGARET, wife of Reynold Thomas.

On the 13th inst. CHARLES C. WATSON, aged 87.

On the 13th inst. Mr JACOB GILBERT aged 71.

On the 14th inst. SARAH J. HILL, aged 25 years.

On the 14th inst. JOHN ASPDEN, aged 63 years.

On the 14th inst. DAVID CARLISLE, aged 72 years.

On the 14th inst. ELIZABETH A. TORODE, aged 9 years.

On the 15th inst. Mr. GEORGE PALMER aged 61.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. MARY M wife of Robt. McBride, aged 31 years.

On the 14th inst. HESTER ANN, daughter of Wm and Jane Fulmer, aged 3 years and 10 months.

On the 10th inst. ANTHONY MCMENAMON, aged 34.

On the 13th inst. JOHN MACDONALD, aged 79 years.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. RACHEL MARTIN, aged 58.

On the 16th inst. CATHARINE, wife of Parkhurst Shurlock, aged 57 years.

On the 16th inst. WILLIAM D. son of John and Gertrude Schwabenland, aged 5 years and 4 months.

On the 15th instant, JOHN, son of Christopher and Margaret Totten, aged 3 years and 4 months.

On the 15th inst. WILLIAM EDWARD, son of Edw. and Charity A. Graham, aged 3 years and 6 months.

On the 16th inst. WILLIAM H. HUGHES, aged 19 years.

On the 15th inst. EMILY, daughter of Rene J. and Mary H. Fougeray, aged 22 months.

On the 15th inst. MARY LOUISE, daughter of Rich. N. and Cecelia Adams, aged 11 months.

On the 16th inst. ANN ELIZABETH, wife of Isaac C Lownes, aged 37 years.

On the 16th inst. PATRICK MCHUGH, aged 35.

On the 16th inst. ELIZABETH, daughter of Edward and Mary West, aged 7 months.

On the 16th inst. CHARLES ALBERT, son of Chas. and Margaret Widdis, aged 13 years.

On the 16th inst. MARY HANNAH, daughter of the late Wm. and Mary Hamilton, aged 7 months.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. SARAH WILCOX aged 52.

On the 15th inst. CHARLES P. BAYNE, aged 8 years.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. AUGUSTA, wife of Charles Hallbawer, aged 29 years.

On the 16th inst. SUSANNAH M. wife of Geo. Perkinpine, Jr. aged 26 years.

On the 17th inst. CLARA, daughter of Mahlon and Anna E. Wolfinger, aged 20 months.

On the 15th inst. MARY, wife of Thos. Harrison, aged 19 years.

INFORMATION WANTED OF JAMES CURLEY.

If living, he is about thirty-four years of age. When last heard of was in St. Louis, Missouri, in year 1846. He is a tailor by trade, and was working at the business at that time in the city.

Should this meet the eye of any person in possession of any information concerning him, they will confer a particular favor by addressing a line to
mar5-4t B. CURLEY, Talbotton, Georgia.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

Selected Poetry.

MY PRAIRIE FLOWER.

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

I saw her in sweet maidenhood,
With blushes on her cheek,
And underneath her drooping lids
The love-light soft and meek;
And then I chose her from the world,
To be my bosom's queen;
For oh, she was the fairest flower
That ever I had seen!
The dearest, daintiest little flower
My eyes had ever seen!

I bore her to my humble home,
And soon full many a care
Sprang, thorn-like, underneath her feet,
And silvered her bright hair;
But still the light of her soft eyes
Made glad my lowly hearth,
The purest flower, the loveliest flower,
The one sweet flower of earth!

Ere long, in pale, wan helplessness,
Upon my bosom she lay,
And slowly, surely, life's frail sands
Went, breaking day by day;
But cherished fondlier than when first
I made my heart her throne—
She was to me the fairest flower
That I had ever known!
The fairest flower, the rarest flower
My aching heart had known!

I was a wanderer in the West,
Commissioned from on high
To sound o'er prairie, wood and wold
The Gospel's joyful cry;
And so I bore her by my side
Through years of gathering blight,
And deemed her still the fairest flower
That ever saw the light!
The dearest flower, the loveliest flower
E'er coffined from the light!

Now o'er the prairie's waving green
I take my lonely way;
And where, erewhile, we paused to rest,
I pause to weep and pray!
For oh, there's none to pray for me,
Since underneath the clod
I've shut away the fairest flower
That ever came from God!
The choicest flower, the sweetest flower
The flower that came from God.

I weep and pray, yet sorrow not
As one of hope bereft;
For, though there's little else for me,
The star of faith is left;
And by its glimmering light I see,
All fragrant still with love,
My frail, my faded earthly flower,
Transferred to groves above!
My beautiful, my cherished flower,
Down smiling from above.

N. Y. Recorder.

Selected Articles.

THE PROGRESS OF NATIONS.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Many men of reflection have felt at a loss to decide for themselves, whether this be a world of progress or only of oscillation. We believe we shall be nearest the truth, if we contemplate it as mainly a world of oscillation, with at the same time a tendency to progress, always active, but not always effective—which, however, is sure to tell in the long-run.

The oscillations are certainly tremendous. What a swing of the pendulum, for example, have we lately witnessed in France! Over most of Europe the back-go of the public mind during the last four or five years has been astounding. The men that hoped best for their race might well, in such circumstances, feel a shade of despair settling over their minds. These things are, however, *only* oscillations. We have seen merely a sudden explosion of the reforming principle, attended unavoidably by alarms which have made the great body of non-politicians glad to swing over to the opposite principle. The few energetic thinkers who desire to have responsible government instead of despotism—cursed with opportunity—attempted to set up systems for which themselves and the rest of their communities were unprepared. Many errors and some crimes were consequently committed; and the impracticability of their plans in the existing circumstances became apparent. To rush back and crouch under the feet of despotism, as one of our statesmen says in a recent oration, was the natural consequence. But no rational person can believe that things are to rest there. The experiences of despotism are as well calculated to produce reaction as is revolutionary violence. Either the despotism will see that it must bate its pretensions voluntarily, and prepare for the extension of liberal institutions, or the people will work towards that object whether despotism chooses or not. Thus, after two violent oscillations of the weight of the pendulum, the time will come for a small shift forward of the *axis*. It will probably take some years to work out this problem, as it did on a similar occasion in England in the seventeenth century. It will be remembered that we had first, between 1639 and 1649, one resistless swing of public feeling towards a check of the monarchical principle. The experience of the ten years of Cromwell was sufficient to produce an almost universal disgust with the results: a fact which the eloquence of twenty Thomas Carlyles will not extenuate. Then came the swing back to the Stuart irresponsibility. But twenty-eight years of that kind of rule brought the public mind to the intermediate temperate something which should have been all along aimed at, as what the public intelligence and *morale* of the time was fit for; and of this something the Parliament-made monarch of William III. and his successors was the expression. It may take a generation, or even more, to work out a great political process of this kind; but the destiny of society and the destiny of the individual are in such respects two different things. The People is Eternal, said the French revolutionists truly, and the vicissitudes of such a life are not like our ups and downs of a day.

It seems to be the fate of every great principle which arises, to be thrown into a state of asphyxia and temporary death by the very ardor of the first embraces bestowed upon it. With the best meaning in the world, its ultra-zealous advocates speak, write, and act in such a way, that sober people, who might, in ordinary circumstances, see no great harm in it, begin to fear it as something wild and dangerous, and consequently become its opponents. These zealots and enthusiasts would think it criminal to be less clamorous, less resolute, less scrupulous in action, than they are; and it must always be a great surprise to them to find (only they never acknowledge it,) that they have been the means of half-killing what they like best. History is full of such phenomena. Thus it was the Regicides who lost for England all the benefits of the struggle with the King, and caused a crown without terms to be placed on his son's head twelve years after. The Puritans were the unintentional means of producing the licentiousness of the reign of Charles II., and the religious coldness of the subsequent century. The French have Louis Napoleon in 1852, because they had Ledru Rollin in 1848. That activity of religious parties or denominations, by which the repose of statesmen and the calm of domestic life are now so much disturbed in our own England, may be traced partly to the threatening attitude which the political reforming spirit of 1831, assumed with respect to our ecclesiastical establishments, and partly to a danger which all having earnest religious tendencies, feel as impending from the researches of science and the sceptical spirit of philosophy. It will depend on which of these contending principles exhibits the greater extravagances in pretension and performance for a few years to come, to decide which is to have at least a temporary supremacy. The moderate politician has no difficulty in seeing, that there would be no unreasoning Tories, were there no extreme men on the other side proclaiming: "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." It is of course difficult, if not impossible, for a high-spirited man who sees a public error or a public injustice clearly, to restrain himself within moderate bounds. Shall we, he says, if we see a robber on the highway, only half knock down the robber, and half rescue the robbed? and so forth. All very plausible analogy; yet it does not hold. To advocate even the redress of the most glaring grievances beyond a certain point, which circumstances determine as prudent, is absolutely certain to raise obstructions to its being done at all. The men cannot help committing this imprudence, for it is not in their nature to stop and look at consequences; but neither will the relentless course of events be stayed by the fact of their honorable intentions. One could almost say, that the final cause of an extreme liberal party was to produce a certain retardation which the Author of the universe had deemed necessary to be imposed on the progress of human affairs.

The result of all this is, that the great bulk of most communities is not capable of viewing political and social matters in the light of just and correct theory, and indeed thinks very little of such things at all. Those who speculate in such questions on any side are a handful, compared with the multitude who obstinately keep their attention fixed on their own affairs—who, so that they only can plough and reap, and see their lambs and their oxen fed, care not who or what it is which constitutes that mysterious metropolitan abstraction called Government. While this dead-weight, as it may be called, is of no party, it constitutes a kind of artificial tribunal to which party-men address themselves, and before which their acts are judged. When they go too precipitately in any direction, it swings to the other side; not because it sees truth or justice there, but because it must preserve the deranged balance. Party-men vainly seek to open its eyes all at once to the clear, naked, palpable lineaments of something about which no philosophical intellect could for a moment maintain a doubt; it will not take in any ideas beyond a certain very moderate amount in a certain space of time; and any violent attempt to force its eyelids entirely open, would only make it shut and seal them up in blindness for years to come. To do it justice, it can kick out at tyranny, as well as ignore liberalism; the one extreme being exactly as offensive to it as the other. It is, moreover, not without some susceptibilities, by which it can be, on certain occasions, excited to a degree of fervor. It has its traditionary prepossessions and habits, which must not be rudely disturbed, and now and then it has its alarms and panics. But always when any of these astral fevers have had way to a certain extent, it becomes its own check, and speedily rights itself again, often revenging its own follies upon those who misled it; so that a Melitus accusing Socrates, a favorite witch-finder, a Titus Oates, or a Robespierre, has but a poor chance with it in the long-run, however triumphant for the moment. Its great instinct, then, is seen to be for Equilibrium in all possible circumstances—a thing we may laugh at, as tending to keep up a vast number of ideas, modes, and institutions, long after all the clever people have seen their absurdity, but which we may be nevertheless assured is a first requisite of the social machine.

Although the Dead-weight is continually seen making a resistance to progress, it is also to be asserted of it, that it has, inherent in itself, a principle of progress which is never long at rest, though never rapid in its movements. Insensibly, in times of average tranquillity and prosperity, the mind of a community acquires light about a great many things which in earlier times were obscure, and becomes capable of forming improved conclusions about what is good for the body politic. To know what is true and beneficial is to have it, allowing only for a more or less protracted struggle with the limited interests on the other side, and for the possible rebounds which excess of zeal or ill-used victories may produce. Depending on so many attendant contingencies, it is impossible to foretell the ratio of the advance which any principle may make; but there cannot be a doubt that, in fair circumstances, every just principle affecting humanity is destined for some advance. We might be deceived on this point by viewing only some isolated principle at a particular point in its current history. But there can be no deception in the general fact taught by universal history, that error gradually gives way to truth, barbarism to refinement, and injustice to justice.

A SAD CASE.

Rev. Josiah Varden, well known to the Methodist Protestant Church in Cincinnati, as well as through the connection generally, speaks thus in a private letter to a friend respecting his little daughter, now some nine years of age. Three years ago, the child was merry-hearted and active as any of her fellows; now how changed! A case so extraordinary we have never before read. Will parents read the sketch and not be moved to tears?

She was, as you know, our pride and glory. A chosen bud, we shaded, sheltered and watched its unfolding loveliness. But untimely frosts have nipt its beauty. It is withering, wasting, will surely die!

The symptoms were at first a slight and simple totter,—then a stagger,—then a stumbling,—then a falling down. Now, we led her by one hand,—soon it required two,—and, after awhile, totally disabled, she could neither walk nor stand.

At present the lower limbs have crossed each other, and are thus paralyzed, and generally are as stiff as steel. Her hands and arms are slightly under her control. But her body is so powerless that she can no more turn herself in her little bed than she will be able to turn in her grave. The head has grown so large and heavy with the increasing water in the brain that she cannot hold it up.

With the commencement of these symptoms we discovered that her sight was more or less affected. This steadily increased, till the broad and blessed noon became hazy as evening twilight, and the twilight darkened into black and hopeless midnight,—a little girl with no gay hours! a harmless face without smiles!

And now, for twelve long months, though we are constantly by her side, she has never seen her parents. Not a single ray of light has her little spirit caught in its darksome prison. Look at her! Her eyes are bright and beautiful as ever,—but she is blind; yes, alas! alas! she is stone blind!

Yet with all these accumulated ills,—thank God!—she has her intellect! And then she is so patient, so lamb-like, so full of prayer, piety, and holy hope. Oh, it would surprise, move, and melt your heart to see her, and hear her sweet talk about heavenly things.

She expects to be an angel, and often smiles with pleasure at the thought. Sometimes when she thinks herself alone, you may find her lips in motion, and if you ask what she is doing, she will modestly reply, "Oh, I was only just praying a little." At other times she will lift her sightless eyes, and audibly exclaim, "Oh, God, take me up to heaven!"

When letters from abroad, expressive of sympathy for us, are read to her, she will gently say to her mother,—who is everything to her,—"Ma, I am sure the friends need not be so sorry for me. I do not mind my affliction, for I know that when I get to heaven I shall see and walk as well as anybody."

How, or when, this solemn tragedy will end, we cannot say:

"But helpless, blind, and wan, and weakly,
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
To our heart she grows the dearer,
As the trial-hour draws nearer."

This little narrative of personal affliction will commend itself to the sympathies of our readers. Our brother is so widely known that a large share of those who will meet this recital will offer a prayer that he may be sustained by the grace of the Lord Jesus. Eternity alone will explain the mystery, and there is strong consolation in the assurance that "God shall wipe all tears from our eyes" in a brighter and better world.—*Exchange paper.*

First Voyage Around the Cape of Good Hope.—The Father of History—whom modern critics have vindicated from the once current imputation of being also the father of a good many fictions—has preserved to us a curious story which he heard in Egypt, some twenty-three centuries ago, concerning the manner in which the first circumnavigation of Africa—or Libya, as it was then called—was effected. The event was said to have taken place in the reign of that Pharaoh Necho who ruled in Egypt about six hundred years before the Christian era, and whose dealings with the Jews are recorded in the Scriptures. "Necho, king of Egypt"—this is what Herodotus heard—"despatched some Phœnicians in vessels, with instructions to sail round Libya, and through the Pillars of Hercules [Straits of Gibraltar], into the Northern [Mediterranean] Sea, and so to return to Egypt. The Phœnicians set out from the Red Sea, and navigated the Southern Ocean. When the autumn came, it was their practice to land on whatever part of the coast they happened to be near, to sow the ground, and wait for the harvest. After reaping it, they would again put to sea; and thus, after two years had elapsed, in the third they passed through the Pillars of Hercules, and arrived at Egypt."

To this succinct narrative, the cautious historian adds a remarkable statement. "They said," he observes, "but for my part I do not believe the assertion, though others may, that in their voyage round Libya, they had the sun on their right hand." This part of the story, which awakened the incredulity of Herodotus, is now known to be the strongest confirmation of the truth of the whole account. A voyager, in making the passage round the Cape from the eastward, will have the sun on his right hand—that is, to the north. At the present day, any intelligent school-boy who has learned the first elements of astronomy, will easily understand this statement; but in the time of the old Greek historian, the fact could only have been ascertained by actual experience.

Resistance to Ridicule.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously, and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Sydney Smith.*

Wit and Humor.

LAY OF THE ANXIOUS DEBTOR.

ADDRESSED TO HIS CONFIDING BUTCHER.

Air—"Will you love me then as now?"

You have told me that you trust me?
And you prove the words you speak,
As you send the meat in daily,
And the book but once a week!
May I hope your kindly feeling
Nothing ever will estrange,
And this pleasant mode of dealing
Circumstances ne'er will change?
When you send a twelvemonth's bill in,
And to pay I don't know how,
When you hear I've not a shillin',
Will you trust me then as now?

Though a month may pass unclouded,
And you send what's ordered home,
Yet, as week on week advances,
Thoughts across your mind must come.
You will lose your old politeness,
And reluctant fill your tray,
Cheerful looks will lose their lightness
When you find I never pay.
When my debts have pressed upon me,
And my tradesmen make a row,
Will the change find you unchanging,—
Will you trust me then as now? *Punch.*

COOL IMPUDENCE.

There is a gentleman residing in Western New York, whom, in default of his real name we will call the Colonel. He has one son, Ned, rather a graceless youth, full of all the wild pranks in which students generally excel. Being at home during vacation, he corresponded regularly with his chum, who by agreement, was to keep him "posted up" in regard to everything that transpired with him worthy of note. Of course he was very careful to keep all his precious epistles from the eye of the Colonel, and as Ned was "Colonel, *Jr.*," it became necessary to watch the mail arrivals closely, as his chum wasn't very particular in adding that distinguishing feature to his name.

One day he rode round to the Post Office, as usual, and found to his dismay that Joe, the groom, had taken the letter and left for home. He started at a gallop, but was unable to make up the time, for Joe arrived ahead. Hoping that nothing very bad would come of it, he marched in to dinner as cavalierly as possible. One glance at the Colonel's face revealed to him that he was in for it.

The substantials being disposed of, as usual the lady mother left the room, and left Ned and the Colonel sipping their wine. Leisurely pulling the letter from his pocket, the Colonel passed it to Ned, and asked him what he thought of it. Ned quietly perused it, its contents being an account of his chum's doings, both lawful and unlawful, and ending by urging him to come to him without delay. Ned finished it in silence, and handing it back to his father, said:

"Well, sir, considering your age and station in life, I think you keep very bad company!" and before the Colonel could recover himself sufficiently to reply, he vanished from the apartment.—*Dutchman.*

Distinction with a Difference.—Hon. Henry Olin was formerly a member of Congress from Vermont. While in Washington, one of his colleagues asked him how he liked a residence at the capital. He replied he did not like a residence at Washington so well as Vermont, "for here they have white butter and yellow girls, while in Vermont they have yellow butter and white girls."

The foregoing reminds us of Knickerbocker immortalized as "My Uncle the Congressman" in the historical pages of Washington Irving:

Knickerbocker was presented by some waggish member of Congress to Mrs. Madison. The Dutchman had been described to Mrs. M. previously, and she determined to have some fun out of him. Accordingly, on his presentation, she treated him with unusual attention, inquired after his family, etc., etc., and finally to what religious denomination he was attached.—"Dutch reformed," was his prompt reply. "If I mistake not," rejoined the President's lady, "that denomination much resembles the Presbyterian." (The difference is only in church government.) "I believe so," said Knickerbocker. "And wherein do they differ?" inquired the lady. "Well, I don't exactly know," was the sage reply, "unless it is that *one sings long metre and t'other short!*"

THE LAST WORD.

We parted in anger:
Too well the cold word
I remember she uttered—
The last I e'er heard
From lips curving proudly.
And eyes flashing fire,
And a heart schooled in firmness,
To speak its desire.
"Farewell!" and we parted,
To meet never more
In the old tie of friendship,
Which bound us of yore.
I paused on the threshold,
She heaved a deep sigh:
The tears came unbidden
And dimmed that bright eye;
She turned to her pillow,
In silence to weep,
And I walked away sternly—
But felt mighty cheap! Delta.

The Sick Minister.—A venerable divine, who, in his day and generation, was remarkable for his primitive and abstinent mode of life, at length fell sick, and was visited by a kind-hearted lady from a neighboring parish. On her proposing to make some beef-tea, he inquired what it was; and being informed, he promised to drink it at his usual dinner hour. The soup was accordingly made in the most approved manner, and the lady went home, directing him to drink a quantity every day until her return. This occurred a few days afterwards, when the lady was surprised to see the beef-tea almost undiminished, and to hear it denounced by the worthy clergyman as the worst thing he had ever tasted. She determined to try it herself, and having heated a small quantity, pronounced it excellent. "Ay, ay," quoth the divine, "the tea may drink well enough that way, but try it wi' the sugar and cream as I did!"

A Great Difference.—Three Paisley weavers, whose wives were quartered at Gourock for the season, were anxious to get across to Dunoon one Sunday morning. Deeming it a profanation, however, to employ an oared boat for that purpose, they employed a friend to negotiate with the captain of the Rothsay Mail steamer, "to cast out a bit o' his tow, and tak' them wi' him, as he was gaun down that way at onyrate." "But what's the difference, pray," asked the negotiator, "between being rowed over with oars and by the paddles of the steamer?" "Difference! there's a hantle difference between rowing by the power o' man, wha maun answer for what he does, and a water-wheel pu'ing us; in ither words, gin ye wad ha'e us to be mair pointedly particular, a steam-engine's no a moral being, it's no an accountable awgent!"

A Bachelor's Opinion of Modern Girls.—In a remote corner of a Scotch paper was hidden the annexed libellous and atrocious lines:—

"Ever ranging, constantly changing,
Sometimes teasing, sometimes pleasing,
Sometimes hoaxing, sometimes coaxing,
No expressing how much dressing,
Little knowing, little sewing,
Little walking, greatly talking,
Mischief making, promise breaking,
Novel reading, dainty feeding,
Idle dreaming, sudden screaming,
Lapdog doating, Byron quoting,
Piano flaying, gems displaying,
Body bracing, tightly lacing,
Over sleeping, often weeping,
Dandy loving, white-kid gloving,
Thin shoe wearing, health despairing,
Daily fretting, sickness getting,
Ever sighing, almost dying,
What blessed wives to cheer men's lives!"

Anecdote.—The following is just such a story as a schoolmaster would like to tell of a school agent, yet the Bridgewater Gazette vouches for it as true:

"A few months since, a eulogy on Daniel Webster was delivered by a member of the legal profession before a Lyceum in a town in this State. Among the hearers were a school teacher and school agent, who had come together from a neighboring village. On the ride home, their conversation, as a matter of course, turned upon the address they had heard. The teacher expressed himself pleased with it. 'Very good,' responded the agent, 'but why didn't he keep back a part! Why didn't he tell the whole story, and let us know all about the hanging!'" Evidently thinking of the guilty Prof. Webster.

A Rowland for an Oliver.—"Hall the fools hain't dead yet, but hi wish they were," said a newly imported John Bull to a live Yankee, with a very significant look.

"Neow, s'pose they were, stranger, what on airth deu you s'pose you're poor wife an' children'd deu, sa-ay!" returned Jonathan, with such an expressive leer, that Mr. Bull instantly vanished.

☞ Warfare is the worst kind of fare for a man to live on.

City Scenes.

THE LAST FASHION IN CLOAKS.

Little Urchin.—Look a-here, Bill, here's a fellow got on his little boy's cloak.

Miscellaneous.

THE FRENCH.

[As French politics appear to be a puzzle to the English and Americans, which the latter very generally solve in a manner not very flattering to our Gallic friends, we give the following upon the subject, from a recent lecture by an intelligent American traveller:—]

Mr. George Sumner's lecture before the N. Y. Historical Society, on the Progress of Reform in France, was a very neat and clear exposition of what that country has gained by her successive revolutions in political and social reform. He characterized the views generally entertained of the character of the nation as unjust to the manliness and sincerity of the people, and attributed the falsity of the impression to the medium through which it was conveyed by the English press, which steadily misrepresented the subject. So far, he said, from France showing herself fickle in her several revolutions, there was not one of them which had not been undertaken in a just cause and to secure desirable advantages, and some gain had resulted from each. He quoted Arthur Young, the English traveller, for the condition of France, as Louis XV. left it, and contrasted Burke's admiration for the expensive Marie Antoinette, with his contempt for the wise frugalities of those "Economists and calculators"—Turgot and Necker. He traced the atrocities of the Revolution to the insincerity of the King, and showed the 18,000 victims of the Reign of Terror outnumbered by the massacre of the 30,000 victims of Warsaw, who were quite forgotten by the patrons of legitimacy. The gain of the first revolution was the suppression of feudalism and the most odious monopolies. Bonaparte appeared as the enemy of the tyrants of the continent, though the good he might have done was defeated by the coalition. The Bourbons deceived the people and were overthrown. Louis Philippe brought the country to an impending bankruptcy after grossly betraying the people—and was overthrown. The Republic made its fatal blunders and Louis Napoleon was accepted, not without prospect of benefit from him. The secret of his success was the promises made by his agents, when the country was being canvassed for the first election, that he would if placed in power, remove the tax on land, which fell with the greatest severity on the poor land-holders and peasants; and twelve days before his *coup d'etat*, he took the first step in this direction. The country people still believe that Louis Napoleon will yet place the saddle on the right horse. In fact, any one will be popular in France who will undertake to mitigate the effects of that tax. He mentioned as among the fruits of the revolution of '48 the following: 1st—It has secured to France three thousand new schools. 2d—Cheap postage. 3d—Thiers, himself the bitterest enemy of the revolution of '48, declared that, "if that revolution did not save the country from national bankruptcy, it did from a great national disaster." 4th—It secured to Frenchmen universal suffrage, which, though it may be a farce in the choosing of an Emperor, confers vast benefits, at least in the selection of municipal bodies, &c.

Mr. S. introduced a good story of Rogers the poet. He was with him when an English gentleman was making the usual complaint of the French not knowing what they need, &c.—"What they want," said Rogers, "is an honest government—a government that will put flesh on the people's bones; and I have observed that, with every successive revolution, the people *have* been getting fatter and fatter."

Chief Justice Marshall.—A correspondent of the New York Times says of the personal appearance of this great and honest Judge:—

As to the face and figure, nature had been equally little at pains to stamp with any princely effigy of what pleases, the virgin gold of which she had composed his head and heart. Except that his countenance was thoughtful and benignant, it had nothing about it that would have commanded a second look. Separately, his features were but indifferent; jointly, they were no more than commonplace. Then, as to stature, shape and carriage, there was nothing in him that was not rather the opposite of commanding or prepossessing; he was tall; yet his height was without the look of either strength or lightness, and gave neither dignity nor grace. His body seemed as ill as his mind well compacted; he was not only without proportion, but of members singularly ill knit, that dangled from each other and looked half dislocated. Habitually he dressed very carelessly; in the garb, but I should not dare to say in the mode of the last century. You would have thought he had on the old clothes of a former generation, not made for him by even some superannuated tailor, of that period, but gotten from the wardrobe of some antiquated slop-shops of second-handed raiment. Shapeless as he was, he would probably have defied all fitting, by whatever skill of the shears; judge, then, how the vestment of an age when, apparently, coats and breeches were cut for nobody in particular, and waistcoats were almost dressing-gowns, sat upon him. To complete these perfections of attire, it is necessary, though I am ashamed to add that the admirable Judge, whom, above all men than I am to draw, I would have you love and venerate—was one of those people to whom, in some mysterious way, the gift of looking clean is denied. Probably some ancestors of his had injured a Naiad, and the vengeance of the lymphatic powers still rests upon his race; for I never yet knew one of them that bore not upon his linen signs of that old quarrel. Or the Judge may have injured that part of the "curse of Kehama," which interdicted the sufferer from being touched by water, even when he was flung into it. Hence, perhaps, the great jurist's unwashed appearance. Certainly, it might well be said of him, as by Dryden of another:

In Israel's Courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
Of more discerning eyes or hands more clean;

but pure as he kept the judicial ermine, it was the only thing he ever wore unsoiled.

Engravings versus Pictures.—Good engravings are taking the place of bad paintings, on the walls of our best houses; a fact which heralds the reign of an improved taste. A thousand dollars will buy three tolerable, or two good paintings, or one which may be called (comparatively) excellent; but a thousand dollars, judiciously expended, will place in every apartment of an average house, a few engravings of inexhaustible interest. As mere furniture, too, an engraving, framed in Williams & Stevens's new and beautiful style, is as ornamental as a painting. On many accounts, therefore, engravings are better for the houses of all but millionaires, than paintings. Artists will not be losers by this change in the public taste, if they will but retain the exclusive right of engraving their works, and not permitting print-sellers to have all the advantage of their labors.—*Home Journal.*

Love's Labor Lost.—Two men exert themselves to no purpose. One is the man who tries to have the last word with his wife; and the other is he who, having had the last word, tries to make her confess that she was in the wrong.—*Punch.*

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BRIDAL.

[The poem which follows we think very beautiful, and that beauty is enhanced by the consideration that it is not merely fanciful, but the expression of a youthful spirit just about to stand at the hymeneal altar. Nydia wrote this poem on the 23d ult., and gave "her hand with her heart in *it*," on the 24th, to a favored gentleman of this State. We congratulate our fair friend and her companion, and wish them the full realization of all their hopes. Let them never forget that the best security for domestic peace is the mutual recognition of God's favor by walking in His statutes.—*Methodist Protestant, Baltimore.*]

How beautiful to-night
The stars that I have loved from childhood's years!
How gleamingly they gaze on me, through tears,
That almost blind my sight;
They speak to me! in their familiar eyes,
The shadowy vistas of my child-life rise!

My childhood—oh no more!
To-night the very memory is pain,
I leave it here—though I return again,
Yet never as of yore,
To the old Homestead's altar will I come,
Or hearthstone, for I may not call it home!

To-morrow I depart;
Will it be lonely, mother, when I am gone?
Oh; well I know I do not watch alone,
Tears are upon thy heart;
Thy pillow is all wet with tears for me—
Oh mother! can I leave my home and thee?

Would thou wert here, mine own!
To soothe me with thy voice, whose tender spell
Seems now upon my soul—oh loved too well,
That low deep music tone;
Whose passionate eloquence so oft has stirred
My heart's still fountains, with each burning word.

I leave them all for thee!
Thy God shall be my God—thy people mine;
Nay, Love, I will not murmur or repine,
I have no world but thee!
Am I not thine? thy very own—thy bride!
Through life or death my place is by thy side!

February 23, 1853. NYDIA.

OAKS.

When the God of Nature means to grow an oak, the acorn is not cast into a hot-house, but it is flung into the out-door earth, and struggles up through the mountain sod. It strikes its roots far below the surface, and takes mighty hold as with subterranean cables. Beneath its shaggy coat, the life of that giant tree beats quick and strong. Then Winter comes down oft and again upon it; the tempest wrestles with the brawny boughs. "Bearing all things," the stalwart tree earns its place among the monarchs of the forest.

So when God would have an oak-like Christian in His church, He exposes him to the regimen of toil and hardship and trial. He gives him a work to do; and oh! how the man is "straightened" until it be accomplished. A reformation is to be wrought out, and the man becomes a Luther; a work of philanthropy is to be done, and the man becomes a Howard or a Francke; a mission abroad is to be undertaken, and he becomes a Martyn, or a mission at home, and he becomes a Harlan Page. God lays trials on Christians to make them lusty; and the devil looks on and hopes to see the sinews crack, and the courage break like a potter's vessel. God puts the Christian into affliction, but only that the deep waters may drown—not the man—but his sins; He casts him into the furnace that the fire may consume—not the gold, but the worthless dross. Such is our Heavenly Father's discipline with His children. He strengthens them by the very burdens they carry. He purifies them by the very chastisements they suffer. He makes them the ruddier and healthier for every sharp Northern blast against which they are compelled to "bear up" on their life-march towards Heaven.

"The rougher our way,
The longer our stay;
The ruder the blast,
The *sweeter* our quiet, when storms are all past."

The Lungs.—Much has been said and written upon diet,—eating and drinking; but I do not recollect ever noticing a remark in any writer, upon breathing, or the manner of breathing. Many, and especially ladies in easy circumstances, contract a destructive mode of breathing. They suppress their breathing, and contract the habit of short, quick breathing, not carrying the air half-way down the chest, and scarcely expanding the lower portions of the chest at all. Lacing the bottom of the chest also greatly increases this evil, and confirms a bad habit of breathing. Children who move about a good deal in the open air, and in no way laced, breathe deep and full in the chest, and in every part of it. So also with out-door laborers, and persons who take a great deal of exercise in the open air, because the lungs give us the power of action; and the more exercise we take, especially out of doors, the larger the lungs become, and the less liable to disease. In all occupations that require standing, keep the body straight. If at a table, let it be raised up, nearly to the arm-pits, so as not to require you to stoop; you will find the employment much easier,—not one-half so fatiguing; while the form of the chest and symmetry of the figure will remain perfect. You have noticed the fact that a vast many tall ladies stoop, while a great many short ones are straight. This arises, I think, from the table at which they sit to work or study, being of medium height; far too low for a tall person, and about right for a short person. This should be carefully corrected and regarded, so that each lady may occupy herself at a table suited to her, and thus prevent the possibility of the necessity of stooping.—*Dr. Fitch.*

The Main Point.—Let us not trouble ourselves and our neighbors with unprofitable disputations, but all agree to spread to the uttermost of our power the quiet and peaceable Gospel of Christ. Nearly fifty years ago, a good and great man, Dr. Potter, then Archbishop of Canterbury, gave me an advice, for which I have ever since had occasion to bless God: "If you desire to be extensively useful, do not spend your time or strength in contending *for* or *against* such things as are of a disputable nature, but in testifying against open, notorious vice, and in promoting real, essential holiness." Let us keep to this; leaving a thousand disputable points to those that have no better business than to toss the ball of controversy to and fro; let us keep to our point. Let us bear a faithful testimony in our several stations against all ungodliness, and with all our might recommend that inward and outward holiness, "without which no man shall see the Lord."—*John Wesley.*

Girls and Boys.—Mrs. Bloomer imagines that the reason women differ from men, is because they are schooled and educated differently. Girls differ from boys not incidentally, but radically. The first thing a boy does after he is weaned, is to straddle the bannisters and ride down stairs. The first things a girl "sets her heart on" are a doll and a set of half fledged cups and saucers. Girls are given to neatness and hate soiled garments of all kinds; boys, on the contrary, set a high value on dirt, and are never so happy as when sailing a shingle ship, with a brown paper sail, in a mud puddle. Mrs. Bloomer may reason as she may, but she will find in the end that Nature is stronger than either philosophy or suspenders.—*Dutchman.*

THE BUTCHER OUTWITTED.

The following story, a correspondent informs us, was published about thirty years since; but as it is none the less good for being old, and as it may be new to most of our readers, we give it a place:

Some time since, a butcher having bought a fat calf, was taking it home in a wagon. Passing a house where several were standing, he was desired to stop, that they might look at the calf. Among them was a wily shoemaker, who, taking the landlord aside, laid a bet of five dollars that he would steal the calf from the butcher before he got through a piece of woods, which the road lay through the butcher had to travel; which being done, the shoemaker took a new pair of shoes in his hand, and getting undiscovered into the road before the butcher, went on till he had got some ways into the woods. He then dropped one of the shoes, and passed on; at length he dropped the other, against which he placed himself beneath a bush near by. Shortly after, the butcher coming up, saw the other lying in the road, tied his horse, and hastened back for the one he had just passed, thinking he would now get a pair. The shoemaker now getting out of the bushes, takes the calf out of the wagon, and leads it by a cross-way to the tavern. The butcher soon returned, and told the landlord his misfortune, saying he had engaged the veal, and therefore must procure another, and desired the landlord to sell him one of his, at some price or other. He told him he had none to sell; but showing him the one he had just lost, said he might have that for eight dollars—being the price he had just paid for it. The butcher said he must have the calf, but he was not worth so much by a dollar and a half as the one he had just lost.

The shoemaker offered to double the bet that he would steal the calf the second time before the butcher should get through the woods; which being accepted, he struck across and placed himself not far from the road opposite where he first took the calf. Here he waited until the butcher came near, when he set to bleating like a calf. The butcher hearing it, and supposing it to be his calf, cried out—"Ah, I have got you now!" and at the same time leaping into the woods, directed his course toward the bleating he had heard, till he had passed the shoemaker some ways, who, making to the wagon, took out the calf and got back with it to the tavern the second time undiscovered. Shortly after, the butcher came back in a most violent rage, and swore that "the devil or some of his imps inhabited the woods, for he had lost the other calf." After much laughter, an explanation took place, to the no little mortification of the butcher.

Humboldt.—Humboldt, says his last biographer, now lives wherever his friend (the present King of Prussia) lives. There are apartments for him in Berlin, Potsdam, in all the royal palaces, and not a day passes that he does not see the King. In spite of his eighty-one years, he works unweariedly in those hours not occupied by the Court; he is active and punctual in his immense correspondence, and answers every letter of the humblest student with the most amiable affability. The inhabitants of Berlin and Potsdam know him personally, and show him as much honor as they show the King. With a slow but firm step, a thoughtful head, rather bent forward, whose features are benevolent with a dignified expression of calmness, either looking down or politely responding to the greeting of the passers-by, with kindness and without pride; in a simple dress, frequently holding a pamphlet in his hand, resting on his back;—so he wanders through the streets of Berlin and Potsdam, alone and unostentatiously—a noble *picture of a blade of wheat* bending beneath the weight of its *numerous rich golden* ears. Wherever he appears, he is received by tokens of universal esteem, the passers-by timidly step aside, for fear of disturbing him in his thoughts; even the working-man looks respectfully after him, and says to his neighbor, "There goes Humboldt!" and whosoever has had the happiness of conversing with him, never forgets the force of his lucid, simple, natural and unaffected conversation; for in everything he says, depth and learning, clearness and unbounded knowledge are revealed, without any of the pride of learning, the stiff pedantry and preciseness of many German men of science. Humboldt has evidently been educated in the highest society; his manner is dignified, open, unaffected and frank; he has lived with all nations, and adopted and united in himself the advantages of all.

The Rappings.—It has got to be quite the rage to unite a select party of friends to witness the supernatural dancing of chairs and tables. These pretended phenomena are not paraded before the public credulity for the first time. Madame Elisabeth, the sister of Louis XVI., in a letter written in June, 1788, to her friend, Madame de Raigecourt, stated that for some time previous the most unaccountable phenomena had been taking place in the palace of Versailles. "The doors open and close by themselves; the pictures move without any human agency; the queen who is by no means superstitious or timorous, was very much frightened a week or two ago, while she was alone in her chamber—all the various articles of furniture in the room began to move about. The same thing happened at the same hour in the king's apartments. I confess that all these singular events sadden and alarm me. Does not heaven forewarn us by these miracles that something dreadful is about to happen to the kingdom of France and the house of Bourbon?"

For the Young.

PORCELAIN, EARTHENWARE.

Q. What is *porcelain?*

A. All kinds of china ware, such as are used for dishes, cups, etc., are denominated porcelain—some kinds are much finer and more beautiful than others.

Q. Of what is porcelain composed?

A. The chief materials used in its manufacture are a certain clay derived from decomposed feldspar, calcined flints finely ground, together with a portion of feldspar reduced to powder.

"*Feldspar*," a kind of mineral. "*Calcined*," heated intensely hot, so as to crumble.

Q. How are these materials mixed together?

A. They are put into a kind of mill, which is a large cylindrical vessel or tub, into which a small stream of water is constantly suffered to trickle, the mass is now ground or mixed into a kind of pap or dough. This dough is kneaded or worked with the hands until the mass is quite smooth or of a uniform color. It is now ready for moulding.

Q. What is moulding?

A. Forming the dough or paste into the shape required, such as bowls, plates, cups, &c., &c.

Q. How are these articles moulded?

A. The operation is performed on a machine called a potter's lathe. A small piece of the clay or dough is placed upon this lathe, and owing to the rapid rotary motion of the machine, the workman is able to shape a vessel by keeping his hands constantly wet; he moulds it to a proper size by means of pegs and guages. It is now suffered to dry partially; it is then placed upon another lathe, when it is shaped more evenly and accurately, and nicely smoothed and burnished with a smooth steel surface. The vessels are then put into a kiln and baked.

Q. How long is porcelain usually baked?

A. It requires forty hours or more.

Q. How is the gloss given to our China plates?

A. This is called *glazing*. Glaze is made in various ways, according to the quality of the articles to be glazed.

Gypsum, silica, and a little porcelain clay are ground together and diffused through water. Sometimes a little lead is added. Each article is dipped for a moment in this mixture and withdrawn, the water sinks into the substance, leaving the powder evenly spread on its surface. They are once more dried, and put in a kiln which is fired at an extremely high temperature. It is then finished, unless it is to be gilded or otherwise ornamented.

Q. How is stoneware, such as is used for jugs, jars, &c., made?

A. This is a very coarse kind of porcelain made from clay containing oxide of iron and a little lime.

Q. How is stoneware glazed?

A. By throwing common salt into the heated furnace; this is volatilized by the vapor of water, which is always present, and the silica of the clay of which the ware is composed. This fuses over the surface of the ware, and gives a thin but excellent glaze.

"*Volatilize*," to fly off. "*Fuses*," melts or liquefies by heat.

Q. What is *earthenware?*

A. This is composed of a species of clay mixed with silica. It is moulded in the same manner as porcelain, dried and baked in a kiln, after that, it is glazed with a mixture which contains the oxides of lead and tin, after which it is reheated.

Articles glazed with this mixture, are very improper for culinary vessels, as the lead in the glaze is affected by acids.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

Agricultural.

TERRA CULTURE.

"It contains much, sir, that is of what is new and what is true; but, unfortunately, what is new is not true, and what is true is not new."—*Sheridan.*

Several correspondents have requested information in regard to Russel Comstock's discovery of "a universal law in vegetation," and on his system based thereon, called "terra culture;" and whether we would recommend a young farmer to attend his lecture. We have also received several communications from individuals who have heard the disclosures, all of which we should like to publish did our space admit.

We have hitherto considered the "discovery" unworthy of an extended notice; but as the subject appears to be creating considerable interest, we will freely express our opinions. Before giving them, however, we shall endeavor to tell what this wonderful *secret* is, if indeed we are able to do so; for, after listening to Mr. Comstock for several hours, we had to ask him in good faith, what there was in all the long and incoherent array of words we had been listening to, that he considered *his secret*, and a *law of nature* discovered by *him*, for the divulging of which we had paid the dollar. But some of our readers may be ready to ask if an obligation of secrecy was not imposed, and if it is fair and honorable to make public the information promised to be kept secret. To this we reply: If this pledge was made under false representations—if we have been wilfully deceived by this pretended discovery of a *new natural law*—if the wonderful *secret* is all a *humbug*, kept up for the purpose of robbing farmers of their dollars, and all that is of any real value in these disclosures is to be found in books accessible to all—then it is not only *right*, but it becomes our duty, as conductors of an agricultural journal, to expose this whole matter, and if possible, prevent this gross imposition. But if this does not satisfy Mr. Comstock of our right to make public his impositions, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he was the first to violate the bargain, and thus released us from all obligation.

We observed that we had difficulty in ascertaining what Mr. Comstock claimed as his secret, even after we had listened to his lecture for several hours; and yet Mr. C., in his petition to Congress for an appropriation, says "the reality of his discovery and its application to the whole vegetable kingdom is demonstrated in *less than thirty words*." It was perhaps unfortunate for us that we were so dull as not to more readily comprehend the Professor's teachings; but we have the consolation of knowing that all others we conversed with were as ignorant as ourselves. But, for the *secret*. The point of union between the roots and the trunk or stem of a tree or plant, and which gardeners call the *collar*, the Professor declares he has discovered to be the *seat of life*, and that in all trees and plants this collar, or *seat of life*, should be just even with the surface of the ground. This is all there is of this wonderful discovery of a new *natural* law, to learn which the farmers are called upon to pay out their dollars, for the discovery of which he petitioned Congress to vote him about a million of dollars, using the following pathetic language:

"For the honor of the Republic, for the honor of the age, and for the interest and comfort of the living, as well as the unborn, let not that discovery which may cause two seeds to ripen where one now does, which prevents the premature death of all cultivated trees, which has been searched for in vain during the history of all civilized society, die with the discoverer for want of the action of the United States Congress."

Now what there is new or *secret* in this, except a *name*, we cannot perceive. The injurious effects of planting trees deeper than the *collar*, have been proclaimed by good gardeners for these many years. In an excellent article on *Deep and Shallow Planting, and their effects on Trees and Plants*, in the *Annals of Horticulture* (London) for 1848, we find the following remarks:

"Among the conditions imposed on the planter should be that of supporting, by some means, all shrubs and trees above a certain height, and also that of planting nothing lower in the ground than will bring the *collar* of the *root* level with the general surface. * * * * In no case can a tree or plant (except those of the nature we have mentioned) flourish if the collar be lower, that is, materially lower, than the surface. * * * * First, on no account plant anything deeper in the earth than it has been before; let the collar of the root be level with the general surface, or above it, for if the roots do not like to be so shallow, they will of themselves go down lower. * * * * * If any of the doubtful will take the trouble to plant two young fir trees, one six or eight inches below the collar, and the other exactly the depth of the collar, they will convince themselves in one season of the necessity of attending to these few hints. * * * * * * With the exception of the vine, and some few that strike root at every joint, it is as important to keep the collar well up to the surface, and the roots spread, as it is to plant them at all."

In *Bridgman's Young Gardener's Assistant*, published in 1845, we find the following:

"In transplanting fruit trees, let the collar, or that part from which emanate the main roots, be near the surface. * * * * * * With a view to illustrate the evil of deep planting, I would observe farther, that when cabbage plants are transplanted in proper season and on good fresh soil, they generally prove uniformly good; whereas, if it should happen, as it sometimes does for want of suitable weather, that the plants cannot be transplanted until they get crooked and overgrown, so as to require deep planting to support them in the soil, such plants, like diseased peach trees, decay first in the bark, between earth and air, and then, from being deprived of a natural circulation of the vegetable juices, die, and discharge their putrid matter in the earth, to the destruction of such other plants as may be inserted in their stead. I have frequently known a land of cabbage plants filled up half-a-dozen times, and the crop at last scarcely worth gathering, whereas, could the plants have been set out while dwarfish, and inserted their proper depth in the ground, the cultivator would have been rewarded a hundred fold. I dislike *tautology*, but cannot avoid repeating my humble opinion, that *deep planting* and injudicious culture are the causes of most of the diseases and failures of fruit trees."

Lindley, in his *Theory of Horticulture*, when speaking of transplanting trees, and more particularly of forest trees, says:

"Place them as nearly as possible in the same condition, with regard to the soil, that they were in before removed."

From these extracts it will be seen that this *great secret* has been known to writers on horticulture and vegetable physiology for these many years, and the proper course urgently recommended. Professor Comstock recommends the same course, only changing words and calling what gardeners call the *collar*, the *seat of life*.

"Strange such a difference there should be
'Twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee."

The bad effects of too deep planting, Mr. Comstock says, is to cause the tree to throw out roots above the natural seat of life, and thus the seat of life is removed higher up, and the old roots die, as well as the stem or branches, and a new shoot is thrown up from the new roots, which the Professor calls a sucker. Now we think the Professor would find it difficult to make many of our fruit trees throw out roots above the natural *collar*. Some plants, (grape vines, for instance,) will freely throw out roots from every joint, and these are seldom injured by deep planting. We have planted vines raised from layers, having a fine mass of roots at two joints, and after five years of fine growth and fruitfulness, having occasion to remove the vine, found the lower roots healthy and vigorous. A little experience we should think would teach Mr. Comstock his error in this respect.

From the many communications received, we select the following, and leave the subject for the present:

"Interesting Instances of the Growth of Trees, Grain and Vegetables, Contrary to 'Terra, or Skin-Deep Culture.'—1st. A peach tree standing near where I wished to dig a cellar, a bank of rich dirt eighteen inches or two feet high was thrown around it, and the result was, not the death of the tree, Mr. Comstock, [he asked me if it did not kill the tree,] but an abundance of fruit, which ripened nearly a month earlier than the year before, and so much better that you would not suppose that it grew on the same tree. This was some six years since, and the tree is still flourishing and fruitful.

"2. An old, favorite cherry tree, at my father's, twenty years since, treated in precisely the same way, is still living and thrifty.

"3. A little East of the culvert where the Irondequoit passes under the great embankment, an orchard was buried in some places quite to the limbs of the trees, by a break in the canal, some twenty years since. I believe that not a solitary tree has died in consequence, and the whole appear as thrifty as other orchards in the vicinity.

"4. A tamarack tree, around which the ground was raised some eighteen inches, in digging my fish-pond, has grown rapidly ever since—five or six years.

"5. Two fine asparagus roots were accidentally covered, I do not know how deep, with rich mould, scraped out of a ditch. This was in the fall. A year from the next spring, rather late, some stalks of asparagus, nearly as large as hoe handles, came up near the bank of the ditch; while my other asparagus, that happened to be terra-cultured, bore little spindling stalks. The shoots from the other found their way out of the bottom of a hole which I dug to set a barrel in as a reservoir for a water ram.

"Before the invention of gang-ploughs and drills, we used to plough in our wheat by gauging the plough so as to cut a furrow four or five inches deep. The result was not spindling stalks and a poor yield, but wheat as stout and thick as it could grow, often yielding forty or fifty bushels per acre, on good land.

"Now, Messrs. Editors, it will probably be obvious to you, and others who have been admitted to the mysteries of Mr. Comstock's system of terra culture, that what took place in relation to those trees and garden plants which I have mentioned, would have proved fatal to them by removing the seat of vitality from—I am not permitted to tell where. So of grain: he says that by covering it so deep, [Mr. Editor, if I am likely to 'let the cat out,' you may step on my toes,] the point of vitality, or seat of life, will be injured, and long-jointed stalks and a light crop will be the consequence.

"Mr. C. says that his system is according to nature, if I understand him. Well, after all, Dame Nature is not so difficult and capricious as some people imagine. We will suppose two or three cases: The farmer, in clearing off his land, leaves here a nice hickory, there a butternut, and a little further a maple, for fruit or shade. These are in a state of nature, or something like 'terra-culture.' Pretty soon three or four yoke of oxen are tearing the plough among the roots of these 'slim saplings,' and year after year this process of cultivating and scarifying goes on. What is the result? Not the death or decay of the saplings; but instead, the large, thrifty, symmetrical ornaments which adorn our fields, with grains nearly an inch thick, as we find when we cut them for timber.

"The asparagus is said to have been originally a sea-plant, but accommodates itself on terra-firma, and with plenty of its original seasoning, furnishes us with one of the best dishes which our gardens produce. In fact, she seems to smile approvingly on all right efforts which we make to improve her productions. By *thorough* culture, (not 'terra culture,') she gives us beautiful flowers and fruits, in place of those which were ordinary and worthless. Ever recuperative and vigorous, if, in cultivating among our trees, we break a root, she immediately sends out numberless smaller fibres and the growing process goes on as well, and perhaps better, than before, Mr. C.'s little dry sticks to the contrary notwithstanding.

"But there is one thing she does not like, and that is to be robbed of the food which she needs to bring her productions to perfection; and what the *Genesee Farmer* has been urging for years in regard to this robbery, we shall find to be true by-and-bye.

"Mr. C. says his system will do away with the potato disease. Was his system followed thirty or forty years ago, when this disease was unknown. His substitute of ———, instead of deep and thorough cultivation among corn and potatoes, might answer in a four-foot bed in the garden, but in a twenty or fifty acre lot it would be impracticable and wasteful. Manure on the surface of the ground loses one-half or two-thirds of its value by evaporation.

"Well, Mr. Editor, perhaps I have said enough: I don't know as I have made out much, but have the vanity to think that the reason is, there was not much against which to work; and I have, from my own observation and experience, come to the conclusion that 'terra culture' is a humbug that is not worth the dollar. P. PARKS.

"*Victor, N. Y.*"

Mr. P. will not be understood as *recommending* deep planting, but *thorough culture*, which Comstock says is labor worse than wasted. Mr. C. stated that any tree covered above the "*seat of life*" would certainly *die*, this being a *natural law*, and to it there was no exception.—*Genesee Farmer.*

SWEENEY IN HORSES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In treating on any subject it is one point to know what that subject really is.

Sweeney is the falling away of the muscles of the shoulder from want of exercise. It is an effect or consequence of some other cause or disease, which must be remedied before the sweeney can be got rid of. In such cases the principal treatment should be applied to the diseased part, which frequently is the foot. The shoulders wastes away, (on the same side as the lameness,) merely because the pain prevents the horse from taking his natural step. If sweeney is caused by injury to the shoulder itself, reason points it out as the place of treatment; but if caused by lameness in the foot or splints on the leg, unless these causes are removed, treatment applied to the shoulder will be useless. As soon as the horse has confidence to resume his natural stride, which he will do when he finds the motion is free from pain, the sweeney will disappear, and the muscles of the shoulder fill out again, because they are brought into active exercise. It is the same in what is commonly called Chest Founder. The falling away of the chest is entirely caused by pain in the feet, making the animal step short. He shuffles along instead of stepping out. A man who goes to the gymnasium or uses any great exertion with his arms, will find the muscles of his arms and chest fill out, and become firm and largely developed. If he neglects the accustomed exercise the muscles will become soft and fall away considerably, and can only be brought back by having the exercise renewed. Those persons among the heathens who hold their arms above their heads until they are entirely withered, certainly have the sweeney. J. R. N.

Galls From the Harness or Saddle.—Maj. Long, in his valuable account of his expedition to the Rocky Mountains, says that his party found white lead, moistened with milk, to succeed better than anything else in preventing the bad effects of galls on their horses' backs, in their fatiguing march over the plains that border the mountains. Its effect in smoothing and soothing the irritated and inflamed surface, was admirable.—*American Farmer.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

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I am composed of 32 letters.
My 1, 27, 27, 8, 5, 1, was a musical instrument.
My 2, 9, 25, was an Israelite.
My 3, 7, 23, 21, 19, was a Levite.
My 4, 21, 20, was a son of Jacob.
My 5, 16, 13, 14, was a town in Palestine.
My 6, 21, 25, 4, 26, 6, was a city of ancient Lydia.
My 7, 3, 23, 21, 23, was the father of Abraham.
My 8, 9, 1, 29, was a Moabitish woman.
My 9, 20, 27, 22, 13, 9, 26, was an animal frequently mentioned in the Bible.
My 10, 21, 27, was a Jewish measure.
My 11, 21, 25, 18, 9, 29, was a city celebrated for its commerce and literature.
My 12, 4, 21, 13, 21, 29, was a celebrated prophet.
My 13, 8, 5, 27, was a Prince of Midian.
My 14, 18, 10, 23, 13, was a King of Egypt.
My 15, 27, 5, 4, was a prophet.
My 16, 24, 17, 7, 9, 17, was a Governor of Judea.
My 17, 18, 14, 21, 12, was a celebrated mountain.
My 18, 11, 15, 10, 29, was a celebrated Antediluvian.
My 19, 13, 27, was a city of Benjamin.
My 20, 21, 29, 13, 8, was a brother of Abraham.
My 21, 21, 25, 30, 20, was a high priest of the Jews.
My 22, 19, 12, 4, 9, 6, was a city of Asia Minor.
My 23, 30, 6, 5, 21, was a prophet.
My 24, 1, 8, 5, 12, was a city of Bashan.
My 25, 21, 29, 21, 27, was a woman of Jericho.
My 26, 31, 9, 25, 18, 21, was a Province of Persia.
My 27, 18, 8, 20, 12, 10, 3, was the daughter of Agrippa.
My 28, 5, 30, 2, was a son of Adam.
My 29, 13, 25, was a mountain in Idumea.
My 30, 19, was a city of Egypt.
My 31, 3, 14, 19, 21, 10, 6, 5, 8, 12, 27, was King of Assyria.
My 32, 12, 17, 2, 8, 26, was a Jewish month.
My whole was a miracle recorded in 2nd Kings.
Sheffield, Pa. J. C. O.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 1, 3, 8, 7, is a numeral adjective.
My 4, 5, 10, 4, 6, is a contemptible being.
My 8, 11, 10, 7, 13, 5, 2, is a very common article of diet.
My 12, 2, 13, 7, 2, is a river in Africa.
My 4, 5, 11, 13, 7, 2, is a dangerous weapon.
My 9, 11, 8, 9, 2, is a body of water.
My 3, 10, 12, is a public house.
My 13, 2, 7, 9, 12, is a color.
My whole is the school boys delight. W. A. F.
Lexington.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a river in Europe found,
My next is a river on Asia's ground,
My third is a part of the human frame;
If this you can't guess, you alone are to blame
My whole is a root that is well known to you,
And brings forth a flower well worth to view
A. C. C. G.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men, whose names were A and B,
Start out the wide, wide world to see,
A goes East, and B goes West,
With locomotion each possessed,
Equal to earth's revolving motion,
They hasten out on the wide ocean.
Thus they pass on a little while,
And meet on bright Gilolo's isle;
Where A, impatient to return,
Doubles his speed and passes on
The time they left their pleasant home,
Was morning at the hour of one;
The year was fifty-two, they say,
December thirty-first the day.
When at Gilolo did they meet?
At friends at home when did they greet?

Oakland, Mich. B. B. REDFIELD

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are soldiers like clocks? Ans.—Because their best duty is to "mark the time."

☞ Why is a dinner like Spring? Ans.—Because a single swallow never makes it.

☞ Why are the fair sex like the letter L? Ans.—Because you cannot make love without them.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS VISCOUNT CHATEAUBRIAND.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA

THE BATEMAN CHILDREN.

CHARADE—Sea-weeds.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION—120

He that cannot forgive others breaks down the bridge over which he must pass himself; for every man hath need to be forgiven.

The Olio.

THE GLOW-WORM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Thoughtless of her diamond light,
In the evening hour,
There lay a glow-worm fair and slight,
Beneath a poet's bower.

From that most wretched a monstrous form,
A toad of ugly hue,
And on the inoffensive worm
His deadly venom threw.

"What evil have I done thee?" cried
The worm, in dying throe;
"What hast thou done?" the toad replied,
"Wherefore shin'st thou so?"

Anecdote of Dr. Lyman Beecher.—While residing on Long Island, in early life, he was returning home just at evening from a visit to old Dr. Woolworth. Seeing what he thought, in the dark, to be a rabbit by the roadside, a little ahead, he reasoned with himself—"They are rather tender animals—if the fellow sits still till I come up, I think I could hit him with these books," a goodly bundle of which he had in his handkerchief. Hit him he surely did; only it proved to be not a rabbit, but a skunk. The logical sequences followed, and he returned to his family in anything but the *odor* of sanctity. In after life, being asked why he did not reply to a scurrilous attack which had been made upon him, the doctor answered, "I discharged a quarto, once, at a skunk; and then I made up my mind never to try it again."

During the prevalence of a revival in his church, in Boston, the number of persons desiring religious conversation was so great, sometimes amounting to several hundred, that he was accustomed to employ younger clergymen to assist him. On one occasion, a young Andoverian was conversing with a person who believed herself to be converted, within the doctor's hearing. The young man was probing the grounds of her evidence, and among other questions, was overheard asking the lady, if she "thought that she was willing to be damned for the glory of God." Instantly starting up, the doctor said to him, "What was that you were asking?" "I was asking her if she should be willing to be damned for the glory of God." "Well, sir, would you be willing?" "Yes, sir, I humbly hope I should be." "Well, then, sir, you *ought* to be damned." And, afterwards, he took occasion to enlighten him to a better theology.—*Phrenological Journal.*

THE CHILD'S GARDEN.

Beneath the budding lilacs
A little maiden sighed—
The first flower in her garden
That very morn had died.

I thought, as that child's sorrow
Rose wailing on the air,
My heart gave forth an echo,
Long bound in silence there.

For though time brings us roses,
And golden fruits beside,
We've all some desert garden
Where life's first primrose died.

Violets.—Some years since, the hounds of a noble duke, who kept one of the finest packs of his day, "came to fault" at the outskirts of a lovely garden, where a rose bank of the sweetest flowers known in nature (violets)—those flowers on which poets have been rapturous in every age, and on which naturalists, in their turn, have almost risen into poets. The dogs, it seems, were also poetical on the occasion in question. The perfume of the fox could not retain the mastery of their faithless nostrils, in presence, as the French would say, of this victorious aroma; and while his pursuers indulged in forbidden beguilements, Reynard stole away and carried his betraying odors to a safe distance. The Duke asked his huntsman what could have puzzled so fine a pack in so fair a chase? The official, in a sublime burst of professional rage, scratched his head and made answer, "Why, your grace, it must be those confounded stinking violets, I think!"

Quaker Billiard Players.—"Penn," in a communication to the editors of the *Home Journal*, denies the "charge" made in a London paper, and copied into our own, that the English Quakers are prone to indulge in the game of billiards. "Having associated," says our correspondent, "extensively with this class of persons in England, I can confidently assert that the statement is either 'as baseless as the fabric of a vision,' or of very recent origin."

We presume "Penn" is correct in his opinion. We are aware, however, that the English Friends are less rigid in their non-conformity to the world than their American brethren, and indulge in diversions which are here considered as improper. Nor can we perceive any impropriety or inconsistency in Quakers, or in any one, playing so innocent, cheerful and health-promoting a game as the one referred to.—*Home Journal.*

Happiness and Misery.—We seem to be better acquainted with the miseries than with the happiness of life. This is shadowed forth by the fact that in at least the English language the words to express what is good and pleasurable are fewer, by a great deal, than those for the bad and painful. We have colors to paint every shade of wickedness and strokes for every stage of woe; let the crime be the blackest, we can give it a name; let the cup be the bitterest, we can tell of the very lees. But to tell of the varying lights of pleasure, and all the winning ways of goodness, we are wholly at a loss; and the most we can say of the greatest goodness is, that there is an unknown, indescribable charm about it; the most we can say of the highest bliss, that it is unutterable.—*Dallas's Poetics.*

David Crockett.—An anecdote is related of this remarkable man, which does him infinitely more honor than any office he ever held. Before he was a candidate for Congress, or expected to be, there was a season of scarcity in the Western District, where he lived. He went up the Mississippi, and bought a flat-boat load of corn, and took it to what he called "his old stamping ground." When a man came to him to buy corn, the first question he asked was—"Have you got the money to pay for it?" If the answer was in the affirmative, Davy's reply was, "Then you can't have a kernel. I brought it here to sell to people that have *no money*." It was the foundation of his popularity.—*Journal.*

Poetry.—The Christian Herald gives the following hints to correspondents: "*Watch and fortify yourselves against the temptation of sending poetry to the Editor.* To heed this caution, with many, will require great self-denial, yet we trust some will "rock the rede." The world is already full of poetry, and will not, in reality, need any new creations of this sort for at least ten years to come. Least of all will it require such creation as many fondly call poetry. We receive many pieces called by their authors poetical, but do not publish more than one out of fifty of them, and do not expect to."

One Singled Out for Misery.—An egotistical friend of ours, who believes himself at the same time the centre, the object and the cause of every thing that exists, and every thing that takes place, said to us the other day: "It is only to me that such misfortunes happen!"

"What is the matter?" we asked.

"Don't you see that it is raining?" he answered.

For Housekeepers.

FISH.

Fish should always be perfectly fresh when cooked. To select fresh ones observe the eyes; if they have a bright life-like appearance the fish is fresh; if, on the contrary, the eyes are sunken and dark colored, and have lost their brilliancy, they are certainly stale. Some judge by the redness of the gills, but they are sometimes colored to deceive customers.

Crabs should be of a dark green color, and when fresh from the water are always very lively, the same remarks hold good with regard to lobsters. If the tail of the lobster will return to its former position when pulled out, the lobster is fresh.

Never buy a clam or oyster if the shells are parted. If the valves are tightly closed the oyster is fresh.

Boiled Rock.—Scale a rock, take out the eyes and gills, draw it and wash it well. Flour a cloth, wrap the fish in it, and boil it in plenty of water strongly salted. A common sized fish requires about half a large tea cupful of salt. Place your fish kettle over a strong fire, and when the water boils put on the fish. Let it boil hard twenty minutes. Take it out of the cloth carefully, place it on your fish dish and send it to the table. Have egg sauce in a sauce boat. Mashed potatoes are an accompaniment to boiled fish. Garnish the dish with green parsley. If any of the boiled fish should be left from dinner it may be spiced as shad, and makes an excellent relish for breakfast or tea.—*National Cook Book.*